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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE miners have surprised their own supporters and out-Cooked Mr. Cook by rejecting the Bishops' Memorandum. Next Monday their Executive will meet again to decide what course they can now take. If the men's decision is surprising, even more so is the suddenly-discovered moderation of their leaders. The disastrous old slogan about a second on the day and a penny off the pay has been finally dropped, and in its place we have Mr. Cook saying, "If I had the authority I would negotiate on the wages question at this moment." What is the meaning of this change of front? It can only have one explanation. Funds are running dangerously low, and the men are becoming restive and anxious to return to the pits on whatever terms they can get. This endangers the future of the Federation, whose life blood is solidarity and a national agreement. Therefore they must make a move towards settlement, to save the situation. The stoppage is now entering on its last stage, and it is possible that negotiations will be reopened sooner than most people imagine, though on what grounds it is impossible to say.

M. Clemenceau's brief return to politics has been spectacularly unhelpful. It has compelled

M. Poincaré to change his mind for the fifth time since his return to office; but in this case the change is decidedly one for the worse, whereas the previous modifications of M. Poincaré's policy have been welcome, since they brought him closer to the recommendations contained in the Experts' report. His imitations of the late M. Coué have been astonishingly successful, but auto-suggestion does not pay wages or produce credits, and already the franc has begun that slow decline which has led to the downfall of all M. Poincaré's predecessors. Much has been made of his "victory" in the National Assembly at Versailles, although there was no substantial opposition for him to overcome. This dramatic method of establishing a sinking fund has no doubt been valuable, but nothing has yet been done to stabilize the franc, and the only effect of its temporary increase in value has been to add several millions to the national debt without bringing to the Treasury much-needed foreign credits by way of compensation.

This decision to postpone the ratification of the British-American Debt agreement is a very grave step and one which M. Poincaré would not have taken had his ministry been really national instead of nationalist. The principal effect in the United States of M. Clemenceau's letter has been

IT WILL PAY YOU
to investigate the
possibilities of the

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING
MACHINES

3 Demonstration at your
convenience

to arouse resentment, and determination to make France pay. And yet this letter has been warmly received by almost all the Press of the Right. This is but one of the many indications of the feeling of xenophobia throughout France. As long as this feeling finds its outlet in an absurd campaign against the foreign tourist, no one except the French shopkeeper will be greatly injured by it. But the enthusiasm created, for example, by M. Clemenceau's idiotic remark that "France is not for sale" shows Paris to be now in much the same dangerous state of hysteria as she was shortly before M. Poincaré entered the Ruhr. If France had not wasted her own wealth and other nations' patience on military adventures the whole debt problem might have been amicably settled years ago.

Although we are not yet to have the text of the new Italo-Spanish Treaty of Friendship and Conciliation, we cannot be far wrong in concluding that its signature has been the most important political event of the week. Both Spain and Italy feel for France all the bitterness of poor relations, and now that they have decided to work together, they will have an influence in the Mediterranean which may worry our own Foreign Office and will certainly terrify the Quai d'Orsay. In our view, the whole system of partial treaties is a bad one, even when they stipulate that no action shall be taken until the League of Nations Council has designated some state as the aggressor. In order to please France the League has made no protest against the conclusion of any number of these treaties in Eastern Europe, and the result is that France will now have to accept without protest a treaty which may cause her even more uneasiness than the treaty between Berlin and Moscow.

One result of this treaty will doubtless be to win Italian support for the Spanish claim to a permanent seat on the League Council, and this may still further complicate the task of the Committee on the Composition of the Council which, at the request of Spain, is to hold another session on August 24. Although Italy is not likely to press the Spanish claim to the extent of endangering Germany's entry, the prospects for the Assembly next month are not very bright, for the uncertain foreign policy of France is again encouraging those forces which so nearly brought disaster in March. Germany may be persuaded to agree to minor concessions to satisfy the Poles, since such concessions should also satisfy the Spaniards, and Berlin would greatly regret Spain's withdrawal from the League. But Germany's own enthusiasm for the League is steadily diminishing, since she still has no assurance of a satisfactory reduction of the troops of occupation in the second zone, and this atmosphere of uncertainty converts German moderates into extremists at the rate of thousands a day.

Rumour, proverbially a lying jade, surpasses herself when Russia is under discussion. Therefore we do not attach much importance to rumours

of a serious revolt against the Soviet Government. At the same time it is clear that the crisis following the death of Dzerzhinski and the dismissal of Zinovieff is at least as serious as we anticipated it would be a fortnight ago. Nearly all the men whose names have become household words in this country are now under a cloud, and it looks as though Stalin had succeeded in making himself almost as powerful as Lenin used to be in the old days. Should this be so, Europe will be the gainer, for Stalin by his articles in the official newspapers has shown himself to be not only a man of intelligence, but also of moderation, if such a word can be used in connexion with any exponent of Bolshevism. The crisis is not yet over, but unless there are further sensational changes, the Soviet Government under the direction of Stalin will probably decide to adopt a much more reasonable attitude in its dealings with Western European powers.

For the moment the Balkan crisis has ceased to be a crisis as the "stunt" newspapers understand the word. Yugoslavia, we are told, has sent no ultimatum to Bulgaria and has no intention of doing so; but what we are not told is that Yugoslavia only modified her attitude after receipt of a warning of quite unusual severity from this country, backed up by France and Italy. There would seem to be a strong case for submitting the whole question of the Komitadjis to the League of Nations Council next month. This would doubtless be done if Yugoslavia and Rumania were quite as innocent as they pretend to be. But we fear they dislike the idea of foreign intervention and will prefer to refrain from any action until they think the Great Powers are too busy elsewhere to worry about them. In the meantime, however, Bulgaria is to get her advance on the League Loan for the settlement of her refugees, and once her refugee problem is solved even the Liapcheff Government should be strong enough to solve the problem of the Komitadjis.

Mr. Herbert Paul once defended the editorial use of "we" on the ground that it did occasionally represent the opinion of the editor. That was some years ago. To-day in the popular Press the editorial "we" has been replaced by the proprietorial "I," and the editor of a daily newspaper is frequently merely a convenient mouth-piece for the expression of the constantly shifting views of the newspaper's owner. A recent example is that of Lord Rothermere, whose public castigation of the editor of the *Daily Mail* is an event without parallel in modern journalism. Lord Rothermere's own views on the subject of America (or, for that matter, on any subject) are unimportant. But even in millionaire-subsidized journalism a certain minimum standard of decency is still looked for, and that standard the proprietor of the *Daily Mail* has failed to maintain. One other point emerges in connexion with this curious and happily unprecedented incident. We should be the last to over-rate the intelligence of Lord Rothermere, but when Lord Rothermere assumes a complete ignorance of the campaign against the United States which was

launched in his own newspaper only a few weeks since, he considerably under-rates the intelligence of his readers.

Lord Kitchener, whatever his limitations as strategist or as director of the whole British military effort from 1914 to the time of his death, was a symbolic figure, the only military leader since Lord Roberts who has stimulated the popular imagination. It is not surprising that he has fared like many other national heroes, and that thousands of people have refused to believe that he is dead, while thousands more have woven about his death fantastic stories of treachery. The official statement, which may be regarded as overdue, puts an end to the exhibition of the boat in which he endeavoured, as alleged, to escape, and to claims that his body has been recovered. It is plain now that he was the victim of sheer mischance, that he was drowned in the *Hampshire*, and that we shall never know more details of his last moments. His legend will not survive less long because it is now cleared of fable and absurdity, and we may be glad that it is no longer possible to "stunt" and "feature" the Kitchener mystery.

The Test Team Selection Committee had an unenviable task in having to decide whether or not to accept Mr. Carr's offer to resign the captaincy of the English eleven. In our opinion they decided wrongly. An all-round cricketer and a first-rate captain such as Mr. Carr has proved himself to be has other titles to consideration besides his batting form. Mr. Carr is a brilliant field, and a sporting and highly enterprising captain who gets every ounce out of his men: moreover, he has batted only once in this year's Tests. But over and above all questions of form comes the consideration of moral effect, and the moral effect on the team of dropping the pilot at the eleventh hour and putting in his place an admirable but inexperienced youngster is likely to be serious. Fortunately the chosen team is so strong that the effect is unlikely also to be disastrous.

Very little has been heard this year of grouse disease, from which, indeed, only one county in Scotland seems to have suffered at all seriously, and that only over a portion of it. For weeks past there have been very hopeful reports alike from Scotland and Yorkshire, and there is every prospect of an excellent season. Excellent, that is, by comparison with 1925, for immediate recovery cannot be expected when the stocks were heavily reduced. Certain gunmakers announce a marked increase in the number of women who are no longer content to be spectators of the shooting. These are the features of the 1926 grouse season. Whether there will be any increase or decline in the number of misguided enthusiasts who in town eat grouse—almost invariably either poached birds or birds out of cold storage—at lunch on the 12th, we cannot at the moment of writing predict. The wise in these matters postpone the pleasure of encountering grouse on the table for a couple of days, which may be spent pleasantly in discussing whether grouse is better hot or cold.

MR. BALDWIN AND HIS PARTY

WE do not wish to take a gloomy view either of national or of the Conservative Party's prospects, but certain dangers have become visible in the last two months and should be pointed out. We may elect to disregard them, but we must not ignore them. It is to be feared that the hard times through which the nation is passing have also depressed the fortunes of the Conservative Party. Most of us thought after the failure of the general strike, and many said, that it had given the Government a new lease of power and a new mandate from the electorate. With Liberals divided and leading members of the Labour Party discredited, it looked as though Conservatism had become the party of the nation. It had only to translate certain aspirations that Mr. Baldwin had expressed so well into a constructive policy and it seemed certain to dominate politics for the next ten years. For a time all went well, but then something seemed to snap.

The first hint that there had been a break with the Baldwin ideals was when the Government brought in its Eight Hours Bill, but even that was not a clear sign, for there were economic arguments for the measure and even stronger tactical arguments, because by giving the miners a new option it gave them an opportunity of saving themselves from the mulish negations of Mr. Cook. And then a remarkable thing happened. Mr. Cook, who had hitherto been immovable, suddenly swallowed at the suggestion of the bishops the whole principle of compulsory arbitration, subject to certain conditions about a subsidy (it must be added), and to some ambiguities. At that very moment the Government which had hitherto been accommodating and had even negotiated with the T.U.C. after the general strike had been called off, suddenly became obstinate and fatalistic. The acceptance of compulsory arbitration—surely a principle of enormous potential value—was ignored, the subsidy, which after all was incidental rather than essential, became a barrier that could not be overleaped, and reasons were found for waiting on events instead of forestalling and shaping them. If this was the real Mr. Baldwin, then we have misunderstood his policy all these months. If, on the other hand, it was not the real Mr. Baldwin but a policy turned upside down in his Cabinet, the situation was even more serious, for the party had lost the distinction of being at once united and national. Parliament adjourned under a cloud of failure.

At the same time (as we pointed out last week), there were indications, faint but not obscure, that what had happened in Sweden after the general strike might also happen here. Despite the powerlessness of the Parliamentary Labour Party to influence the policy of the unions and its miserable failure as a Parliamentary opposition, the by-elections showed it to be on the whole gaining in the constituencies. The effect of the general strike in Sweden was to discredit purely trade union weapons and to enhance the prestige of parliamentary action, and it looked as though the same thing might happen here. It therefore became more important than ever for the Government to show that Conservatism too had a constructive policy, but it was just then that Mr. Baldwin, either through lack of constructive or

executive ability or through yielding to opposition within his own Cabinet, suddenly became negative. The same man who had almost absent-mindedly agreed to a subsidy of many months in order that a Royal Commission might draft a report, not only grew cold to some aspects of the Report, but made the request for a much smaller subsidy an excuse for not even considering the application of this really tremendous—and eminently Conservative—principle of compulsory arbitration in trade disputes. For unquestionably a principle given such advertisement as this would not have been confined to the mines but must have extended to all trade disputes on a national scale. It seemed an echo from a most unexpected quarter of the aspiration of the Prime Minister's honorific nickname of "Peace-in-Our-Time-Baldwin."

Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.

Mr. Baldwin might have been expected to exclaim. Instead, a moody silence.

Let no one think that the country does not feel the change. It does. And therein lies one of the dangers of these latter days. It has heard the Labour men denounce Mr. Baldwin as a reactionary and not believed it. But let there be no mistake: if it could once be brought to believe it, the Conservative Party would be in grave danger of a reverse at the polls. Those aspirations of Mr. Baldwin at which some of his own followers smiled were really the corner stone of his Party's success in the constituencies—certainly not Big Business, or the hard logic of Die-hard principles. Take this corner stone away and the party fortunes might very easily crumble. Then we might be in for unpleasantly exciting times.

Remember that the Conservative Party has not been able to do very much for the bulk of its supporters. What is represented—no doubt falsely—as a surrender to the mineowners does not please one Conservative in ten. On the other hand, the financial losses of the stoppage will fall mainly on the middle-class, which revealed its potency alike in numbers and in energy during the general strike, and its continuance will make it impossible for the Government to do anything for this class, which has been persistently loyal and persistently snubbed and maltreated by parties both during and since the war. Another month or six weeks of this coal stoppage and there will be no remissions of taxation next year or the year after, which on past analogy might well be the year of the General Election. Nor will this middle-class or the myriads of working men who supported the Conservatives at the last election be pleased at the Government's strange overlooking of the principle of compulsory arbitration—a principle undoubtedly popular with the masses, which dislike impartially mineowners and Mr. Cook and cry plague on both their houses. We do not wish to be alarmist, but when ideas like these begin to get rolling there is no knowing where they will stop. There is real danger of reaction, which two years hence might bring the Labour Party to Westminster with a small majority, with the help of the Liberals, or give the Conservatives so small a majority that they would be powerless to further sound Conservative principles. It will be said that this is looking a long way ahead, but every politician must look ahead at least as far as the

next General Election. Or again, it will be objected that anything may happen in two years; which is true, but it may happen for evil as well as for good. Or again, it may be urged, and with some force, that the best way to secure lasting peace in industry (and unless that comes soon, our industrial future may be hopelessly compromised) is by so decisive a defeat of the miners as will discredit the extremists and disgust the masses with the waste of strikes and lock-outs and incline them favourably to the rule of law in industrial as in international relations. That argument may be sound, though one doubts the permanent efficacy of a beating for any considerable body of average Englishmen; but if these were really the Government's calculations, they ought, at any rate, to make it clear that they have a constructive and ameliorative programme behind any chastisement that they may inflict.

And the moral of all these speculations? Simply this, that Mr. Baldwin's idealism is a surer and better guide to success than the logic of men who are possibly much abler than he, and that Conservatives should rally to him, as one who alone, with all his faults, expresses the vital unity of the party.

VULGARIZED SCIENCE

ONCE a year the British public becomes scientific. The occasion is the meeting of the British Association, the time of year, that which used, in rude Victorian days, to be known as the silly season. Stimulated by a daily Press which knows how to separate the grain from the chaff in verbatim reports of the Association's proceedings, the public becomes passionately interested for a while in questions put at the Association but smacking rather of domestic debate in a family whose members are improving themselves. It sees with enthusiasm the concentration of the most illustrious scientific minds of the age on the problem of why a hen crosses the road or on that of how man, once "a blue-behind ed ape skipping on the trees of paradise," got rid of his hairy hide. With ardent eyes it watches the graceful manœuvres by which religion, when purified of the miraculous, is reconciled with science, when doped with the new spiritualism. And so on, and so forth. Till at the end of a week it is left with two main convictions, both very comforting—the conviction that the master minds of science are actuated by much the same curiosities as move the plain man, and the conviction that humanity is on the verge of mastering the final mysteries.

Now the universe may have been brought into existence solely for some ethical purpose, or it may have been created because the divine intelligence had the need so to apprehend itself, or there may be some explanation of it beyond human conception or conjecture, but it is pretty safe to assume that it was not willed in order that the *Tit-Bits* mind might be amused. In so far as the British Association, as interpreted by a large portion of the Press, permeates our people to the contrary belief, it does no good service. To be sure, we live in a democratic age, and it may be contended that an exhibition of the commonplace texture and trivial inquisitiveness of the scientific mind, when playing to the gallery and sub-edited by really

bright journalists, helps to bridge over those unfortunate gaps that still persist between a first-rate intellect strenuously developed and a tenth-rate intellect which has seldom been exercised. Performing rats and speculations about prehistoric depilatories may be held to be useful as bringing together on the same level the man in the laboratory and the man at the back of the bus. But there are several things more desirable than the illusion of community in intellectual interests. It is desirable that science should be kept outside the sphere in which everything is judged by its stunt value, lest the relative importance of scientific inquiries come to be determined by consideration of how far they provide copy for popular papers and topics for conversation. It is desirable also that people should be saved from forming a conception of science according to which it will be starved where it is dependent on public funds, unless it is promising discoveries which the man in the street can appreciate. Further, it is desirable in this age that people should be shaken out of the expectation that science no less than the State has some dole up its sleeve, and can be so applied as to enable the idle and the perverse to enjoy conditions of life which only the sustained efforts of a sane and industrious society can establish.

In some ways it may be good for the public once a year to revel in the sensation of progress, but progress remains to a great extent an illusion. One of the very greatest Conservative intellects of the nineteenth century happened to be that of a man devoted to a church which has made higher and wider claims of an earthly character for Christianity than any other. But Coventry Patmore, with that excellent courage of his, argued that on the whole Christianity had not resulted in progress, and in one of his poems he likened progress, with deadly truth, to the heaving and hurrying yet ultimately unprogressive movement of an agitated sea. However much science may have done and may be destined to do for us, humanity, of the British as well as all other varieties, will be limited in progress by that which science cannot touch and which religion itself has on the whole so little and so temporarily affected. The question how man lost his ape's hide is a good deal less urgent than the question how he is to lose his ape's mind and heart. In many respects we are not becoming a more civilized people. We have, for instance, developed a class jealousy on the one hand and an indifference to the less material obligations of social position on the other which are deplorable. We are losing, if we have not already lost, dignity in those discussions which a national life governed by public opinion requires. There is something petty and shrill and common not only in some of our Parliamentary wrangles but, to speak of matters nearer to the heart and more comprehensible by the mind of the people, in argument over the captaincy of a Test match team. And if anyone thinks we are nearer to acquiring the scientific temper, let him look at what the British Association and the popular Press between them have provided during the last few days. Not that serious and valuable utterances have been lacking at Oxford. After the admirable presidential address by the Prince of Wales, there have been many truly suggestive discussions. But these have not excited anything like the general comment aroused by the trivial and fantastic contributions made to the proceedings by our scientific entertainers.

CHARING CROSS BRIDGE—II

By D. S. MACCOLL

I MUST first finish with Sir Reginald Blomfield's scheme, and, with all due diffidence, suggest how some of its ugly features might be avoided. The straight gash to which he is vowed has no great advantages of effect, since the vista would lead to nothing particular, on the skew, and the road would be an up and down line: better, surely, to humour the existing street directions and mask the changes of level by deviations. I have ventured to plot, in a rough drawing, a modified course, with the same starting and arrival points (see block A), but with two deflections from the straight at an easy obtuse angle. The advantages of this line are that (clearing York Gate and the Bandstand) it does not cross either Buckingham or Villiers Street, interferes with only one set of building-blocks, and leaves rectangular slices of building-space along its course to the Strand, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, an important item in reckoning eventual cost. The Strand itself it crosses with a barely perceptible deviation from a right angle, at a comfortable distance from the station, and in its further progress cuts less into St. Martin's School. The somewhat longer course would ease the gradients. But this line would still involve Coutts's Bank, a costly building dating only from 1904. Another line, whose crossing of the Strand is indicated by dots, would run from the Embankment through the blocks between Buckingham Street and York Buildings, cross East of the Bank, and turn behind it. It would then enter the new "Place" at a right angle, a desirable feature. Against it is the sharper turn behind the Bank.

At its best I cannot pretend to like this project; it need only be considered if two other alternatives are out of the question, namely (1) replacement of the railway bridge by a high-level road bridge, the railway being removed to the other side, or crossing by a tunnel, and (2) a combination of railway and road-bridge in a "double-decker" structure. About the first of these it is useless to speculate till we know the Railway Company's views and what claim they would make for compensation: reconstruction they cannot avoid, since the present bridge, in spite of tinkering, is moribund. The second alternative is the subject of a bold and ingenious project by Captain Swinton, of the London County Council. He deals with it in a pamphlet published by John Murray at one shilling,* which everyone interested in this discussion should buy and study. He has also had a model constructed to illustrate it, which can be seen by arrangement at the County Hall. The sketch-plan he has allowed me to borrow (block C). In this scheme a roadway would run *above* the present railway track across the River, debouching into a square "place" beyond the Embankment. From this two tracks would diverge; one on the East side continuing at a high level with a slight upward gradient would flank Villiers Street, bridge the Strand, and debouch, like Sir Reginald Blomfield's, at the Cavell memorial. The Western track would descend by the side of Craven Street, with a gradient of 1 in 29 to the Strand. These tracks would have a width of 70 feet compared with 100 on the Bridge. The tracks on the South side of the River are not indicated; but the main line of road would pass Waterloo Station on the platform level, and afterwards diverge to the Old Kent Road on one side, Kennington Road on the other. But an earlier branching-off would take place immediately after the crossing of the River; on one side to the Waterloo Bridge Road, on the other

* "London: her Traffic, her Improvement, and Charing Cross Bridge, 1924."

towards the County Hall. On this riverside part of the ground the plotting of new lines of communication would present few difficulties, because the property is vested in four bodies, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Jesus College, Oxford, the Duchy of Cornwall and the County Council itself, and it would be to the advantage of all those corporations to have their property developed. Further south ownership would be more scattered, and it is obviously undesirable to be too specific as to plans.

These results for South London are a very important part of the scheme, but what the North Londoner will fasten upon is the prospect of an almost straight run from Piccadilly by Green Street, from Charing Cross Road, and from St. Martin's Lane, whether to Waterloo Station or beyond, without a block at the five intersecting lines of West and East traffic, because the road would bridge them. There would be, in addition, the alternative line to the Strand and the parts thereabout.

On the other hand, how would the project affect the Railway interests? In every way, one would think, to their advantage. They would gain this clear road access to the Station at Waterloo; they would retain railway access to a station at Charing Cross, the line crossing over at its present level. But since the line is to be electrified, the roof of the present station, built for steam, is unnecessarily high, and the station, like other electric-train stations, might be built over, to a considerable height. Here is a possible source of revenue, which might much more than meet the cost of reconstruction.

Finally the question arises, what would be the effect upon the eye of the double-decker bridge? It has been argued against it that it would block the river view up and down. One cannot have everything; the high-level bridge needed at this point must inevitably shut off the greater part of the view, as the railway bridge does now; the present railway bridge is one foot higher than Waterloo Bridge; the projected bridge would be sixteen feet higher. And there is another side to this question: the view from the bridge, up and down. The finest view at present in London is that of Waterloo Bridge, Somerset House, St. Paul's and the City from the high-set footway of Hungerford Bridge. Still finer would be the prospect at a greater height, and it would command Westminster and the upper reaches, as well as Waterloo and the lower; we should have one of the finest river views in Europe. I should like to see added, over the piers, which must be wide to distribute the weight, little cafés, on balconies jutting out, with belvederes above.

But the Bridge itself; would it necessarily be ugly? That would depend upon the engineer-architect who designed it. We live in the engineer age of iron, whether concealed or displayed. We do not know yet how long that age will last. The roof of Charing Cross Station gave way because of some malady in the metal, and it is possible that a chemical disintegration will some day bring all the skyscrapers and ferro-concrete monsters tumbling down. Then we shall revert to Rennie's granite for our bridges. Meantime the big bridges are built of steel, and that material, unkindly as it is, is capable of a grace of its own. I give one example: the double-decker railway and road bridge at St. Louis, over the Mississippi (block B). The scale is huge: the width of the centre arch is 520 feet. If the river were bridged at Charing Cross in three spans instead of the present six, 300 feet would suffice. For reasons, probably, of navigation, this central arch is higher by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet than the side arches, and wider by 18 feet. This involves a slight rise and fall in the trackways, and in these variations lies the secret that gives charm to the design. The engineer, J. B. Eads, must have been a genius of the Rennie type. He got his stone piers and abutments down to the rock at a depth of as much as 136 feet below high water, and did it

for the first time (1867-74) by use of compressed air caissons and locks, the method that has been pronounced too risky for Waterloo Bridge. The arches are of cast steel, with no frills or furbelows whatever, and their relation to the piers seems to be plain and perfect in its sheer constructive simplicity.

We need not, then, despair of finding a comely, as well as convenient and economical solution of the problem at Charing Cross. Captain Swinton's project has already been submitted to the Ministry of Transport and to the Railway Company, and studied with interest. It is not for me, an amateur, to pretend to foresee what difficulties there might be in carrying it out: it is for the Commission to bring all the proposed solutions under a cross-fire of criticism, and give their blessing to the most hopeful survivor. Captain Swinton's at least deserves a hearing.

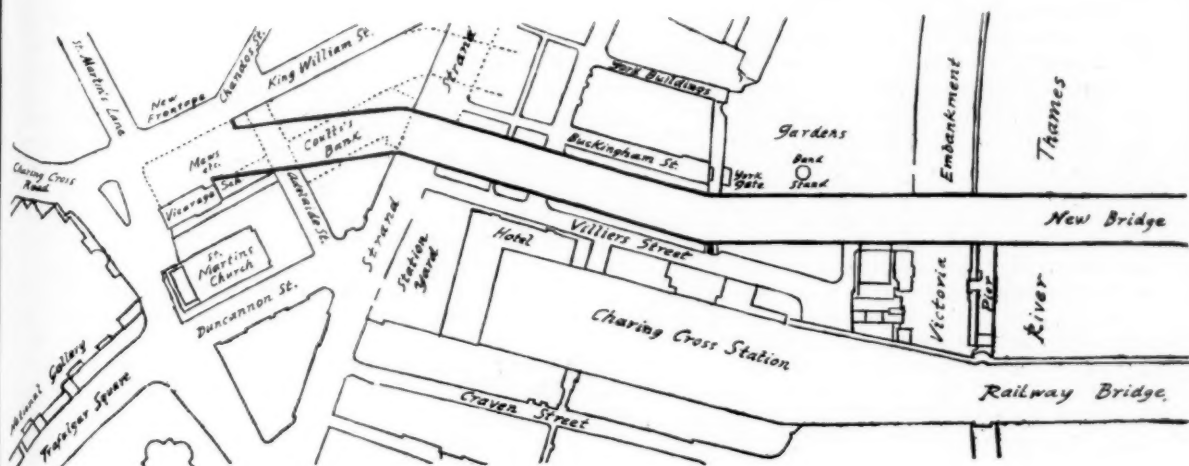
Whatever the scheme adopted, we must reckon on a long interval before it can be carried out; perhaps ten years. That being so, a temporary bridge may be necessary, as Mr. Muirhead has argued. Westminster Bridge is not very soundly constructed, and is subject to perpetual tinkering. London Bridge, like Waterloo Bridge, is endangered by the dredging operations that have removed nearly 50,000,000 cubic yards of material in the Pool since 1909. London needs a general Warden of its bridges, to watch them and foresee.

THE SILLY SEASON

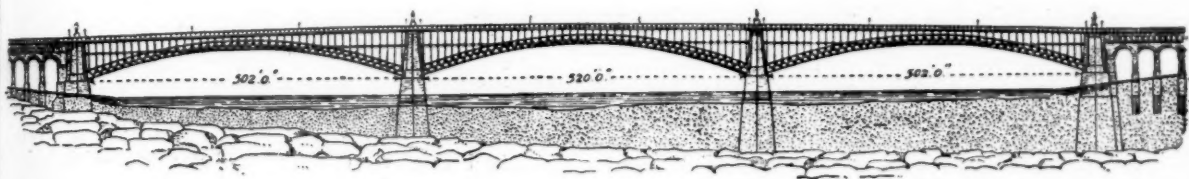
BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

TIME was when this month of August was known to Fleet Street as the silly season. The giant gooseberry and the sea-serpent were brought up from the basement to the editorial offices, and the junior sub-editor was compelled to enter the correspondence columns as an indignant Mother-of-Six. But this was years ago, and now we hear nothing of this silly season. A hundred editors are ready to tell us why, to point out that the world is never empty now of important copy, that each day has its crisis in every department of the paper, in home affairs and foreign affairs, in finance and sport, and so on and so forth. This is a most eventful age, crammed with revolutions and strikes and all-night sittings and gigantic accidents and disasters of every kind. Ever since the beginning of the war there has been such a daily crop of news, sufficient indeed for a whole season's harvest twenty years ago, that few of us have the patience to gather it all, even when it is neatly stacked for us. We dismiss the affairs of whole continents now with a brief glance down half a column of print. Events that would have brought out gigantic headlines before the war are described in a couple of paragraphs, and even those paragraphs are too much for some of us. Thus, I am ready to confess that of late I have given up reading about China, and at the present time I have not the least idea what is happening there. I am quite willing to believe that its hordes of fellow creatures are going through some crisis, and that the fate of the whole world may be bound up with the present history of China. But there are too many complicated crises, with which the fate of the world is bound up, so that unless we protect ourselves somehow we shall never have even a moment's peace of mind. Our civilization has produced so many

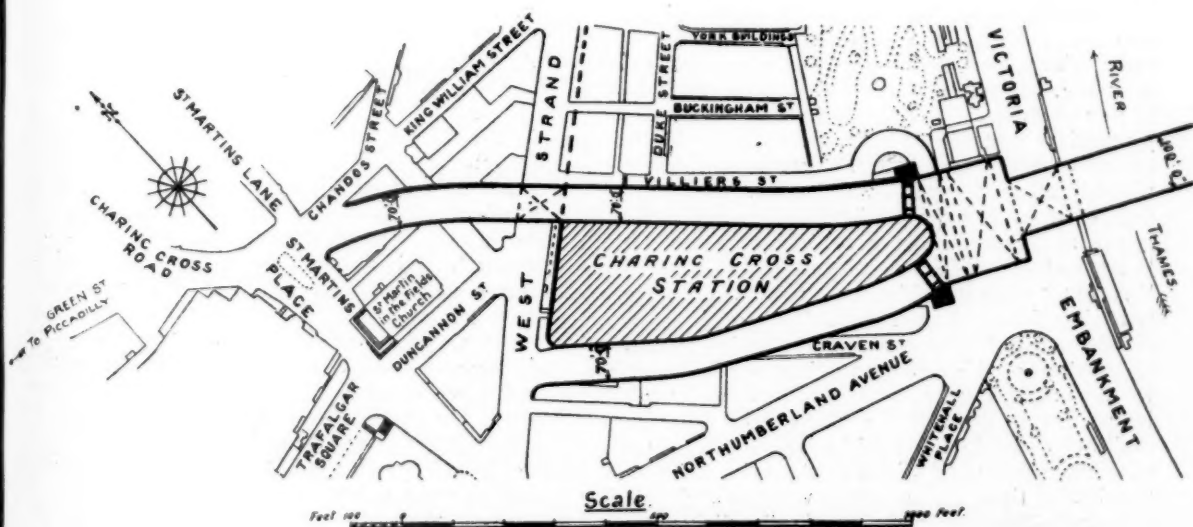
CHARING CROSS BRIDGE—II



A. Suggested modification of Sir Reginald Blomfield's plan for a high-level bridge independent of the existing railway bridge.



B. Double-decker road and railway bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis.



C. Captain Swinton's plan for a double-decker road and railway bridge on the site of the present railway bridge at Charing Cross; high level to St. Martin's Place, with separate gradient to the Strand.

disorders, from cancer to communism, which threaten its very existence that, bewildered, baffled, unable to see the civilization for the disorders, we begin to shrug our shoulders out of sheer self-defence. If we persist in shrugging everything out of our attention, we shall soon be without shoulders to shrug, but some things, such as (for me) China, must be dismissed in this riot of startling news that we call the world.

Does this explain why there is no longer any silly season? The nations go roaring on towards revolution or reaction, new or old fashions in barbarism, through all the dog days. August now finds the tragic farce in full performance. What room is there now, when every hour is crowded, for a silly season? That is an excellent line of argument, but unfortunately, as every sensible person who reads a few newspapers must know, it stops short of the whole truth. There is—alas!—another side to the question. In the old days, a newspaper editor and his readers could single out one short period and call it the silly season, because during that time a paper was frequently compelled to be what it never was during the remainder of the year, it was compelled to be silly. But now the popular newspaper is silly all the year round, and it is steadily becoming sillier. There is a giant gooseberry or a sea-serpent for every day. Successful journalism is no longer a matter of being well-informed, having an eye for an event and a bright easy style, but is an affair of gooseberrying and trawling for impossible monsters. Nay, it is even worse than that in its newest manner, for the popular newspaper of to-day, unlike the halfpenny journalism that preceded it and that was largely the creation of Harmsworth, is not even scandalously impudent and therefore possibly amusing, but is simply dull, trivial and silly. It appears to be written for a mysterious host of half-witted creatures, quite different in their outlook and interests and standard of taste from the people I encounter in drawing-rooms and shops and saloon bars and streets.

Looking back on popular journalism, I seem to see three periods. During the first, the newspaper concentrated upon its primary task of gathering and reporting news, usually at great length and rather dully and pompously, but with reasonable accuracy. Most little country papers still work in this tradition. Then came the era of new bright journalism and the Harmsworth touch. It was the newspaper's duty to make the world exciting, whether the actual news was important or not, so that what happened was that every popular paper began to be something more than a mere mirror. It began to manufacture its own news and to run "stunts" of various kinds. It was untrustworthy, irritating, but no longer dull. The special correspondent, with his long nose and flashing pen, was the darling of this new journalism, for he brought in the bright human touch and contrived to turn its particular stunt of the moment into the most thrilling event in the world. The glory of these gentlemen (many of whom could write quite well, far better than the persons who now fill their columns) flared up and then finally flickered out during the war. Then came the change, and we entered the last and worst state, the era of what might be called half-witted journalism, in which the popular Press has all the faults of twenty years ago but none of the virtues. Instead of the

individual stunt we have the collective stunt, in which may be seen the very dotage of the old bright journalism. Every paper seems to copy the silliest features of every other paper, so that there is no respite for the wretched reader. Editors seem to be all timid, sheep-like fellows, who shiver with apprehension because rival papers are apparently a shade sillier than theirs. None of them pursues a bold policy of his own, but each acts as if he had no idea what the public wanted but was convinced that all his fellow editors must know. It is possible, of course, that the public itself is almost half-witted now, but it is also possible that newspaper proprietors and editors persistently underestimate the intelligence of their readers, just as, at one time, they may perhaps have overestimated it. There can be no doubt which is the worse mistake. The very proprietors who have congratulated themselves on making the old rag go, can also be assured that they are steadily undermining any serious influence their sheet may ever have had. One of two things must obviously be happening: either the Press is reflecting public interest fairly accurately and therefore the public itself is becoming more and more foolish; or the Press, in its determination not to be more sensible than its most idiotic reader, is gradually ceasing to reflect the general mind and is committing suicide.

Meanwhile, I have discovered that my own disgust at the way in which certain topics, not very important to begin with, are grossly overwritten, is shared by everybody I meet. In the old days of individual "stunting," you could always escape if the particular stunt did not amuse you. If you were not interested in sweet peas or standard bread, you turned away from the old *Daily Mail* until it had had time to recover. But now, with this idiotic general hue and cry, day after day, after some piece of silliness, there is no escape. A trivial topic breaks out like a disease among the papers, and morning and evening, week after week, they will all give us columns about it, dull, trivial stuff, reams and reams of it, in which there is not from beginning to end the expression of a fresh point of view, one wise or witty thing brought out, a single piece of good writing. This modern habit of bringing in experts to write (or to sign articles written by dull hacks) on this and that topic has only succeeded in bringing in more tedium into newspaper reading, for whatever knowledge these good ladies and gentlemen may possess, they and their hacks are entirely without the power of expressing themselves forcibly and amusingly, so that one good journalist, however ignorant he might be of the subject in hand, is worth more to an editor than all these overpaid persons put together. Twenty or thirty years ago, when some great event in sport was the topic of the day, there was not a twentieth part of the writing round it we have to-day inflicted upon newspaper readers, but there was at least a chance then of coming upon one or two articles, possibly by men whom Henley had roared into shape, that were well and truly written on the subject. Now, a myriad columns of clumsy and spiritless prose are thrust into our faces, and we find that everything dull and trivial that could occur to the mind of the most ingenious bore in the world has been repeated over and over again, until we are so sick of the subject that we cannot even enjoy the few, the

very few, good things that a real journalist has contrived to smuggle into a newspaper here and there. Was there ever such a silly season as this summer of Test Matches? Was there ever such a giant gooseberry as Mlle. Lenglen?

MORTIMER HACKFORTH TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BY VIRGINIA HALT

[Editorial Note: We have great pleasure in publishing in this number of the MESSENGER, two new letters of Hackforth's. We are enabled to do so by the courtesy of Messrs. Cramp & Co., 26 Holborn Mews, who have recently purchased the original MSS. from Mrs. Edmund Halt, grand-niece of the poet.¹ Our acknowledgments are also due to Marbles & Co., who will shortly issue the letters in the form of an Edition de Luxe, to Mr. Amos P. Sprout, of Indiana, Ind., who has acquired an option on the letters from Cramp & Co., and to Ezekiel Fourpenny, the bookseller, of Covent Garden, who very kindly informed us of the transaction mentioned above. The letters throw an entirely new light on the great poet's character.]

THE letters, two in number, which are now published for the first time, were written by my grand-uncle, Mortimer Hackforth. The first letter bears the date July 24, 1841. It is written to Alexander Trimberlit. It bears no address, neither of my kinsman, the writer, nor of Trimberlit. It is evident, however, that the great historian was not at the time living in London,² otherwise there would have been no necessity to write the letter.³ It may be that my kinsman was not in London at the time, and wrote from Purley to Trimberlit in London. Farrowseed says⁴ that Hackforth was always at Purley, but I should like to contradict this as I happen to know that he was often not there. My mother-in-law Rachel was frequently at his London house as a girl, and remembered meeting Fortescue, Mason, Sharp, Seraphim, Molpied, Frogit, and other literary giants of the age. She used to tell my sister⁵ about these wonderful visits.

On the whole I am inclined to think that the letter was written by Mortimer from London to Trimberlit at Spango, his Scottish seat. In the light of the terms of this letter there can be no doubt that the poet and the historian were upon the most friendly terms. Moreover, it supplies direct and personal evidence of his schoolboy gaiety and the freshness of his views on life generally. The letter came into my possession on the death of Jasper Halt,⁶ my father-in-law's brother, together with a bound volume of *The County Courts' Guardian* and some loose copies of *The Basket Makers' Chronicle* and *The Cane Workers' Budget and Advertiser*. The letter is as follows:

Dear Trimberlit,

I will do my damndest, but don't press me.

MONTY

¹ Hackforth's sister Emily married Mr. Alfred Plompet, a spirit merchant, of St. Mary's Within. Their seventh child, Rachel, the authoress of 'The Fountain Splashes,' married a Mr. Robert Halt, father of the present Edmund Halt, of Gateshields.

² Trimberlit lived at 29c Gower Street, and he and his mother occupied the top floor for nearly twenty-six years.

³ Hackforth also lived at 29c Gower Street. He and Martha occupied the second floor.

⁴ Farrowseed's 'Life of Hackforth.'

⁵ Phoebe Molt, "Slingo" of 'The Dublin Prong.'

⁶ Jasper Halt, of Dead End Court, Wastepaper Basket Manufacturer.

The second letter is dated some years later, May 18, 1853, two months prior to his death. The Hackforths were then living at Danbury in Hampshire. It has never been satisfactorily established that the poet was upon intimate terms or even knew Lord Danbury.⁷ I am inclined to think that the two great men were well acquainted. My father-in-law, Robert Halt, once told me the story of Mortimer's brother Theodore's unfortunate marriage with Elizabeth Grumpit. Elizabeth was undoubtedly of humble origin and Hackforth's friendship with Lord Danbury turns upon this point: was the beautiful but wayward Elizabeth the daughter of Nathaniel Grumpit, Danbury's gamekeeper on his Welsh estate, or was she the child of old Harry Grumpit, the landlord of 'The Ping Pong Arms' at Huddersfield? If the latter, there is no real reason for supposing that the poet and the statesman had ever met. If the former, then there is every reason for believing that they not only knew each other well, but, what is more important, that they had decided to make no parade of their friendship.

There are, as I say, good grounds for holding the view that Elizabeth was Danbury's gamekeeper's daughter. There is the sudden appearance of Elizabeth at the Bishopsgate Theatre under Danbury's protection. Again, it was Danbury who built the Regency Theatre, where Elizabeth held sway for eight years. There is Danbury's tragic fall in William Blott's third ministry and, last of all, there is Elizabeth's complete withdrawal from the public gaze coincident with Danbury's disappearance from the political and social stage. I cannot help thinking that Elizabeth Grumpit was the daughter of Nathaniel Grumpit, Danbury's gamekeeper in Wales.⁸ That can be the only explanation. Otherwise why did not the poet's friend at "The Nest" at Danbury meet the statesman's friends at the Castle? They met in the London salons frequently.⁹ Moreover, many of them spent week-ends at "The Nest" and at the Castle. Sprogg,¹⁰ the Editor of *The Blanket*, spent as many hours at Gower Street as he did at the Regency Theatre, but Sprogg and Hackforth and Danbury were never seen together. George Gottles, the critic, was an intimate of Hackforth's; he was also Danbury's Under-Secretary in William Blott's first ministry. Yet Gottles and Hackforth and Danbury were never, never seen together. Had Elizabeth been the daughter of old Harry Grumpit, there would have been no reason for this secrecy, this avoidance of simultaneous public appearance. No. Nathaniel Grumpit was Elizabeth's father. Elizabeth's marriage to Theodore, Mortimer's brother, and her subsequent desertion of him for Danbury, were at once the reason of their public avoidance of each other and their (in my judgment) private friendship.¹¹

William,¹² whose name crops up in so many memoirs of the time, apparently knew nothing or, if he did, said nothing. Dibbles affirms that there was nothing in it. Take this passage in 'Week-ends Gay and Gruesome': "Went to stay with the Postmaster-General at Danbury Castle, and pumped old William about Monty and the P.M.G. He told me he'd 'never even seen 'em pass the time o' day.'" Creek, the diarist,¹³ says:

Down at Monty Hackforth's for two weeks. Monty getting very fat. Alf. Plompet, daughter Rachel with her new husband, Robert Halt, Pringles, Dashkirk, "Steeplejack"

⁷ Marrowfat, in his 'Memoirs of Hackforth,' says that Hackforth knew Lord Danbury well, and was a frequent visitor at the Castle. Professor Cockles, in 'Last Years of Mortimer Hackforth,' denies that Hackforth knew Danbury even by sight (the italics are Cockles's); so there you are. [Ed. MESS.]

⁸ We gladly open our columns for a full discussion of this important point in Mrs. Halt's article. [Ed. MESS.]

⁹ See Harriet Parker's 'Lord Danbury and his Circle.'

¹⁰ E. P. Sprogg, author of 'Out and Down and Down and Out.'

¹¹ I repeat, the columns of the MESS. are open for discussion. [Ed. MESS.]

¹² The porter at the little railway station at Danbury.

¹³ Page 642, par. 4.

Pew, Billy Frost, Giggs and others there. Monty finished 'The Black Tomato' on Saturday morning¹⁴ and read it to us after dinner. Great crowds at the Castle, I hear from William. (The italics are mine.—V. Halt). William's beard is much¹⁵ (the italics are Creek's.—V. Halt) longer.

William (I wonder why his surname has never been mentioned), I am sure, could have said much, but he said nothing. It must be left at that. Does the letter to Lord Danbury throw any light upon this half-forgotten episode in the life of my great ancestor? Who can tell?¹⁶ The letter was written after Mortimer Hackforth had returned to Danbury from his eighth visit to the Potteries. As was his habit, he refused the offers of hospitality that were showered upon him¹⁷ and occupied his old room over the pantry at 'The Three Jolly Potters.' Again, on that eighth and, alas! final visit, he sat night after night in the taproom, munching cheese and drinking ale with the villagers and work-people, entering with great zest into their simple pastimes.¹⁸

My grand-uncle, Alfred Plompet, my kinsman's son-in-law, told me once when I was a little girl that he had actually seen Hackforth playing "Fly Loo"¹⁹ and winning nearly every time.

It was here that the poet gathered material for 'Potters Preponderous,' his last great work. It was in the taproom of the old inn he loved so well that the famous line:

Potters pottering with puerile pots

was written. My father remembers the dying echoes of the fierce controversy that raged for years as to Hackforth's precise meaning. Jibble's²⁰ cruel 'Puerile Pots of the Pothouse' stung him²¹ to the quick. Those who knew that great and majestic soul knew well that he referred to pots in the Pottery;²² but he never recovered. Gower Street saw him no more; none gathered round the festive board at "The Nest." Martha had been dead for over two years, and the lonely man brooded in his little cottage that lay in the shadow of the walls of Danbury Castle. How far his mood was responsible for the subject matter (and the manner of it) of this letter to Lord Danbury—probably the one letter he wrote to him—it is only possible to conjecture. Danbury was then forty-eight years old, at the height of his fame. For the second time he was a Minister of the Crown, Postmaster-General in William Blott's second Cabinet. Elizabeth Hackforth (née Grumpit) was in her fourth year at the Regency Theatre.

¹⁴ Creek is wrong here. Hackforth actually finished his masterpiece at 4.30 on the previous afternoon. [Ed. Mess.]

¹⁵ The word is *not* (the italics are mine) in italics in the first (the italics are mine) edition. [Ed. Mess.]

¹⁶ I shall deal with it sooner or later. [Ed. Mess.]

¹⁷ See 'A Rector's Recollections,' by the Rev. Amos Koke, pages 24 to 281.

¹⁸ Sir Ambrose Fishpond's 'The Meanderings of Mortimer Hackforth.'

¹⁹ The game is played as follows: Each competitor places in front of him a lump of sugar saturated with beer. The competitors may not speak or move while the game is in progress. The possessor of the lump of sugar that first attracts the attention of an ordinary house fly is adjudged the winner. I cannot understand Moffatt's statement that Hackforth *nearly always* won. The chances are absolutely equal. It has been stated that many players had trained flies which they let loose in the room *before* the competition began, but I place no credence in this theory. Certain it is, however, that devotees of the game have been known surreptitiously to deposit a drop or two of golden syrup upon their particular lump of sugar, so as to attract the flies more readily to that particular lump, but I cannot believe that Hackforth would stoop to so low a practice.

²⁰ Algernon Jibble, a lampoonist contemporary with Hackforth.

²¹ Hackforth.

²² We gladly open our columns for discussion as to exactly what Hackforth *did* mean. The Greek translation is as follows: οἱ μυχθοὶ ἔστιν βλασποδὸν νοσον. I have seen a rendering by the Underwood Typewriting Company thus: "9W£-"/5/9%??13@Lqy57t?£." [Ed. Mess.]

Was it the letter of a disappointed man? Does its very formality disguise a secret friendship with the man who had stolen his brother's wife? Was it the beginning of a correspondence that has been lost to the world? Was it the end of a series of letters? Was it the middle of such a series? What did Lord Danbury think of it?²³ Did he think of it at all?²⁴ And (I dread to write it) did he ever receive it?²⁵ Who can tell? The letter is addressed to Lord Danbury at his official quarters in London, *not* to the Castle. This in itself is strange, and must be considered with all the other circumstances. Why did not Hackforth send the letter by hand to the Castle? The easy explanation is that Danbury was not at the Castle, *but in London*. Hackforth may have known this. William may have told him: *William would have known*.

At any rate, the letter was sent to London.²⁶ It is written on one sheet of paper in clear, bold characters. It runs as follows:

The Nest,
Danbury,

May 18, 1853

The Rt. Honble. The Lord Danbury,
Postmaster-General,
G.P.O. London.

My Lord,

The delivery of letters in this district is becoming most irregular.

I have the hon^r to remⁿ.,
Your Lordsp's. m^t Ob^t Ser^{vt}.,
MORTIMER HACKFORTH

ART

THE NEW GALLERIES AT MILLBANK

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE permanent and loan collections recently hung in the new buildings at the National Gallery, Millbank, are so large and so admirable that they cannot by any possibility be even broadly surveyed in one or two visits. Unlike the Royal Academy there are not large tracts that can be passed by in the certain conviction that no amount of study will reveal beauties hidden from the casual eye. Almost every picture at Millbank requires careful consideration, though there are, of course, obvious exceptions, like the abominations of Ary Scheffer. I have not yet had opportunities for such a careful study, but I do not feel that I can delay any longer some account of this important addition to London's art life.

In 1916 Sir Joseph Duveen offered to the nation an extension behind the then existing galleries on the site reserved by the Government. This was designed to house the growing collection of modern foreign art. Some time later he added the gift of a special Sargent gallery. It is these buildings, consisting of four galleries on the main floor and five in the basement, which have recently been opened to the public. It is now time that the old nickname of "Tate" Gallery finally disappeared.

It cannot honestly be said that the decoration of the new galleries is particularly pleasing: the magenta walls of one room attack the eye before the pictures are even noticed. On the other hand the rooms are well proportioned and well lighted, particularly the

²³ Lord Danbury does not mention the letter in 'Things a Postmaster-General Ought to Know.' [Ed. Mess.]

²⁴ Of course, he must have thought of it. [Ed. Mess.]

²⁵ This possibility, if true, cancels my previous footnote. [Ed. Mess.]

²⁶ We cannot accept Mrs. Halt's statement without further proof. Hackforth may have addressed the letter to London and delivered it by hand at the castle. [Ed. Mess.]

special gallery built for dark pictures. It is desirable to recall at this time the main sources of our permanent foreign collection at Millbank: it is a kind of benefactors' day. The first notable bequest was made by Mr. George Salting in 1910, consisting mostly of the Barbizon school and containing works by Corot, Daubigny, Diaz and Pierre-Etienne-Theodore Rousseau. In the same year Mr. J. C. Drucker left a number of pictures among which were paintings by Bosboom, the three Maris, Israels and Mauve. In 1916 came the disputed bequest by Sir Hugh Lane of thirty-nine pictures, including examples of Bonvin, Corot, Courbet, Daubigny, Daumier, Degas, Diaz, Fantin-Latour, Forain, Ingres, Jongkind, Manet, Monet, Monticelli, Morisot, Pissarro, Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir, Stevens and Vuillard. In 1924 Mr. Samuel Courtauld established his fund of £50,000 from which sixteen pictures have already been purchased. Most of them were noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW on January 9 of this year. Besides these large acquisitions, the gallery has received a number of smaller gifts and bequests, of which some of the more important are the Braque given by Mr. Paul Rosenberg, a Diaz by the executors of Mr. Charles Hartree, four Fantin-Latours by Mrs. Edwin Edwards, two Gaudier-Brzeska drawings by Miss Gaudier-Brzeska, a Gauguin by the Contemporary Art Society and another by Sir Joseph Duveen, several Harpignies by various benefactors, a Puvis de Chavannes by Mr. Arthur Studd and another by Sir Michael Sadler, a Rouault by Mr. A. E. Anderson and several pieces of sculpture by Mestrovic. Among artists whose pictures have been bought by the gallery are Forain, Gauguin and Stevens. Even from this summary list it will be realized how extensive the collection already is.

On the occasion of the opening of the new wing, the Trustees have arranged two large loan collections, one of Sargents, most of which were seen recently at Burlington House; the other of modern foreign art. It is agreeable in visiting this collection to recognize many works that had pleased us, long ago, perhaps, in some dealer's exhibition, and which we feared never to see again. The mass of good work is, indeed, quite overwhelming, and I can hope to do no more than make one or two entirely personal notes of pictures which have remained most vividly in my mind after an inadequate inspection, and which I do not remember to have referred to before in these pages. One picture in particular haunts me, a work of deep emotional significance, Alfred Stevens's 'Seascape.' The passionate intensity of colour, the weight and suspense of this storm effect are, perhaps, unparalleled in painting. It is not subtle, but it is wonderfully effective. The green of the anxious, cowering sea, the black of the approaching clouds, the purple of the distant land are among the bravest, most sincere pieces of colouring I remember. The whole effect is immediate and forceful. It is a surprising picture for Stevens to have painted.

And then there is the little quiet canvas by Daubigny, 'The Garden Wall,' cool, green, soothing, lovable; and Daumier's wonderfully massed 'Le Bon Samaritain'; and that charming study by Bonvin, 'Woman Seated,' the figure in its bright red blouse and clear white apron and black dress so justly set against the neutral tones of the background; and Segonzac's incredible gusto and accuracy of brushwork in 'Study of Two Nudes'; and the brilliant psychological revelation of Forain's 'Marchand de Tableaux'; and those two delicious, serene and perfectly toned flower pieces by Manet. Matisse and Degas are largely and excellently represented, but I do not feel that justice has been done to Corot. The Avignon picture is a very fine example, but the majority are of his "wishy-washiest." While fully acknowledging the scope and value of the total exhibition, I cannot help regretting the absence of work by Gris, Metzinger, Leger, Gleizes, Blanchard, and

the modern German school. These omissions occurred to me without my taking thought; there are no doubt others as important.

* * *

I had the opportunity last week of seeing Prince Nicholas Galitzine's models for stage settings at his studio. Prince Galitzine studied art before the revolution in St. Petersburg, and afterwards organized a small theatre on his Russian estate. He has only recently taken up stage designing as a profession. His sets are pleasing and well characterized. His method of getting away from the eternal cube of the stage by diagonal walls and glimpses through into other spaces is particularly admirable. It evokes a sense of continuity and accident, without sacrificing order and completion. His slum scene with its mysterious arch and alley is the best of its kind I have seen. The average slum setting gives no feeling of being overcrowded. The Prince has made a careful study of the value of shadows with considerable results. My only regret was to find that he leans to the naturalist rather than the expressionist view of stage décor. Certain of his sets, but for his good taste and careful lighting, would have been commonplace. It was his intention, perhaps, to show what could be done with a dull subject, but we do not go to an exhibition to see clever craftsmanship covering up poverty of conception. We have enough of that in the revues and musical comedies of the full size stage.

THE THEATRE

THE WOODLANDERS

BY IVOR BROWN

'Robin Hood. By J. C. Squire. Love's Labours Lost. By William Shakespeare. Given by the Fair Oaks Players. August 4-7.

IT is one of the constant scandals of this world that so many of the right places should fall into the wrong hands. He who blends his poverty with philosophy does not grumble because the covetable cranny is not for him; that another should have it is the way of the world. But that another should have it and not use it, bask in it, and suck its sweet essence, that is the galling and intolerable circumstance. For that reason, if for no other, I recommend Rogate as England's most soothing theatre. For there a supreme beauty has been lovingly seized and shrewdly used. Of course, if you go next summer to pay a call upon the Fair Oaks Players, you will nourish covetous desires. The man who did not fall into a greedy passion and lust for annexations when he went that way would not be natural. At Fair Oaks, Rogate, the South of England packs all its beauty in a single frame. All the poetical compliments to Sussex come true. But there is no squandering of opportunity. You think what a perfect place is here for the rustic theatre. The songs that bubble out of Shakespeare's comedies should float across this air. And they do. Rogate is in civilized hands. That is why I called its stage among the bracken and the branches England's most soothing theatre. Its beauty has been shaped and savoured understandingly and the spectator's envy is swallowed in delight.

It is, I suppose, a natural distrust of climate that has kept one acting behind doors. The English drama spent much of its boyhood in the open, but now it is rarely without a roof. There is a loss in that. I submit that verse well spoken rings more bravely amid trees than in any building; and the same is true of certain kinds of music, Purcell's not least. The Shakespearean lyrics cry aloud for Nature's back-cloth. "When daisies pied" . . . Let Shaftesbury Avenue

have its tea for two. This is for Rogate. But the trouble about the pastoral or sylvan drama is that there is not very much of it. Your dramatist must aim at a market and the market has been moved behind doors. There are Shakespeare's Arden, Athens, and Navarre. But there is not much help from the moderns. The result is that wise people who want to play in the open (despite the professional actor's loathing of crying to the sun and stars) frequently tumble "an indoors play" into the bushes and on to the grass. But it is possible thus to miss the best of both worlds.

It was a good notion of the Fair Oaks Players to approach Mr. Squire and it was a good notion of Mr. Squire to write a genuine play for woodlanders. The Rogate theatre, which Lt.-Col. the Hon. Douglas Carnegie has set among his trees, gives to the producer and the dramatist processional opportunities. Characters do not just pop out from behind a bush; they come and go by several paths in full view of the audience. Thus all the exits and entrances can be spectacular as well as sudden and form little dramas in themselves. The central stage-space has wings of an acre or two, with leaves for carpet and pillared with trees. Here can the flourish really flourish and the alarum become an authentic excursion. Mr. Squire saw Sherwood Forest opening up before him and wrote a forthright Robin Hood romance. Archery mingled with ambuscades; horn answered horn; horsemen went thudding through the bracken; the evening ended with the pageantry of the blazing torch and the woodland flowered out in a festival of fire. His producer, Mr. Johnstone-Douglas, might be vulgarly said to have "done him proud."

'Robin Hood' is honest woodlanders' matter. There is no attempt at fantasmagoria or modish cleverness, no pretence that Robin was anything but a ballad-hero, no nervous shrinking from bravura. Robin wins his Marian and regains his rank, humbles the sheriff and makes rings round Nottingham Castle. With Allanadale, who conceals a great skill with the bow-string under the fop's uniform, we savour satirical comedy and modern instances. Indeed Mr. Squire here courageously mocks the romantic idiom which he has maintained for Robin. But Master Allan as the rusticated undergraduate and Friar Tuck as a forest-padré with an eye on that feminine degeneracy, without which the tongue ecclesiastic would ever be motionless for lack of matter, do not provide too precious a humour. The Rogate audience is of all ages, moods, and tastes, and Allan's arrows do not fly over its head.

A little of 'Love's Labours Lost' does thus fly athwart the target. But the play, so wrongly pronounced unactable by our fathers, has come into its own and Rogate gave me my third view of it within three years. For me it has many enchantments; young Shakespeare is laughing and despairing through all this mad mingling of Warwickshire and France. Biron is the promise of all the glancing wits and world-sick lovers, Costard the chrysalis of the clowns to be. Rosaline is a curtsey before approaching Beatrice. Trim the text and amplify the acting and the Don and the Dominic are both good company. A slow start, if you will; but a romping end leads to the sweet lyrical parting. Like the song of the willow-wren this spring-time utterance passes dulcetly to its last gentle cadence. Naturally it is for the woodland actor and the Fair Oaks Players, for whom one big effort is not big enough exercise, transferred themselves in a day from Nottingham to Navarre and brought as much finesse to the latter as they did fury to the former. I have not seen Biron better played than by Mr. Alan Lubbock, whose rhetoric was admirably musical while he rightly kept in mind that the gallant was more than a phrase-proud fool in the forest and was also man sorely stricken by the arrowy eyes of the dark lady. There is rage as well as railery in Biron and Mr. Lubbock let us know it. Mr. Lubbock also did excellently well

as Mr. Squire's Allanadale. He had rivals in versatility. Mr. Cuthbert Smith was all black menace as the Sheriff of Nottingham and within an hour was also a pink and white young man walking delicately as Agag through the fopperies of Shakespeare's Don. Mr. Donald Beves was in succession a first-rate King of France and an imposing Friar, while Mr. Dennis Arundell was a universal provider, designing music well and dances (less well) for Mr. Squire, cackling with great show of senility through the part of Boyet, and carrying Robin's part bravely on from tribulation to triumph. Colonel Carnegie was twice vastly entertaining as old pomposity, his Holofernes being a very gnome of pedantical excess, and various members of his house did gallantly in assorted parts. Miss Jean Carnegie twice carried winning colours and Lady Kinross, as the abbess in the ambuscade, inserted genuine acting among the ardours and endurances of her part.

Navarre, I feel sure, has never been so habitable as in Rogate's woods, nor can the hunting episodes have been so charmingly presented. How nice it was to see horses trotting through a play instead of being steered nervously through canvas wings and blinking mournfully at the unnatural scene! Golden dogs were at the rally and golden weather assisted. Great artifice goes now into the "lighting" of plays, but pile Schwabe upon Hasait and both on Basil Dean and you will not find a better illumination than sunlight strained through oak and fir and dancing upon fern. When that fails, the torch remains to pattern the woodland with its points of flame.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

MR. BALDWIN AND THE COAL STOPPAGE

SIR,—I write to protest as strongly as possible against the comments made in recent issues of your paper upon Mr. Baldwin's reception of the so-called "Bishops' Move." When this most unfortunate step was first made there was, indeed, some excuse for misapprehension, owing to the hind-foremost way in which the affair got into the Press. But no one, not even a hard-pressed journalist, has the slightest excuse for not understanding now.

The cause of the trouble is that, like a depressingly large number of Englishmen, you have not grasped the character of the Prime Minister. Had you done so you would have known, amid the thickest intellectual fog which the newspapers could create, that if a real chance of securing a healthy peace had appeared, he would have seized it. Whatever his faults may be (I need not dwell upon them, for there are plenty of people much cleverer than I who seem to have no other business in life) a blunder of that sort is utterly out of his nature. Had this fact been as plain to you as it was to simple persons like myself, you would have looked again at the "Bishops' Memorandum" and discovered as readily as I did that the precious document was worth exactly nothing. It was simply a tactical move on the part of Mr. Cook—the first clever thing that he has done.

He hoped, at the best, to gull Mr. Baldwin into granting a subsidy, so that the men might get "back to work on the *status quo*." This happy state of things being re-established, at the taxpayers' expense, what earthly reason would Mr. Cook have for wishing

to alter it? At the end of the four months the country would in its turn revert to the *status quo*; in other words, it would be faced again with the highwayman's threat: "Your money or your life"—more subsidy or another strike!

Had the miners said, "We submit to arbitration now," that would have been quite another story. The achievement of the Churches would in that case have been remarkable, if not entirely "real," for of course the executive would not have made such a startling concession without authority from a delegate conference. But a vague talk of "arbitration after four months" is just a bit of mouldy cheese to bait the trap. There is not the smallest guarantee that the miners would accept the arbitrator's decision if they did not like it. They might promise to do so beforehand, but they could not be compelled to keep their promise; and once again the taxpayer would have been mulcted for nothing.

On the whole, I don't believe that Mr. Cook's hopes of a subsidy were high. But he had a second line of hope, which has been justified in part. He thought that by apparently getting "the Churches" under his banner he would be able to confuse public opinion, and turn it against Mr. Baldwin. If the Premier did not instantly swallow the "Bishops' Memorandum" whole, the cry would at once be raised, "Baldwin flouts the Churches!" I knew that Mr. Cook would raise it. I knew that the Socialists and Radicals would not be ashamed to join in the chorus, but I did not expect that anyone of your standing would swell that hypocritical howl.

If it turns out after all that there is in the present development a living seed of peace, you ought to be sure that the Prime Minister will not neglect it. Banish your prejudices, and take a fresh look at his character and his record. I am not speaking out of sentimental tenderness for him, but out of my unshakable belief that in him is the nation's only hope. Those who oppose him—Communists, Socialists, Radicals, above all Conservative defeatists like yourself—are one and all working for the ruin of the commonwealth.

I am, etc.,

A. D. JOHNSON

12 Woburn Square, W.C.1

[We can only refer our correspondent to our first leading article in this issue. We are in agreement with him that in Mr. Baldwin is "the nation's only hope"; our fear is that he has been temporarily out-argued by others in his Cabinet. The principle of arbitration is so valuable that a man of Mr. Baldwin's vision ought not to have disregarded it.—Ed. S.R.]

POLAND AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—Your correspondent "Tournebroche" asks why the SATURDAY REVIEW appears to hold the opinion that Poland is not entitled to a permanent seat on the League of Nations Council. Surely the reply is simple. In present circumstances, if Poland were granted a permanent seat, Germany would withdraw her demand for admission to the League, and Brazil, Spain, China and Persia (probably with others to follow) would never again be represented in Geneva unless they too were granted permanent seats. Once a concession were made in the case of one particular country—and Poland has no better claim than Spain or Brazil—the League Council would become so unwieldy a body that the whole organization would become useless. "Tournebroche" also asks why we should "have a differentiation into permanent and non-permanent seats." Here again the reply is simple. Equity demands that there should be no permanent seats; but there is no indication up to the present that either Great Britain or Italy is prepared to solve this problem once and for all by agreeing that all the Members of the Council should be elected by a free vote of the

Assembly. Even were they thus to abandon their permanent seats, however, there is no guarantee at all that Poland would be the gainer, for Governments do not appear to have quite so much confidence in Poland as "Tournebroche" has. At the elections for non-permanent seats last year Belgium, the successful candidate with the lowest poll, received 32 votes; China, which headed the unsuccessful candidates, had 26 votes; while Poland had, I believe, only two. These figures surely suffice to explain why the SATURDAY REVIEW does not support the Polish claim to a permanent seat.

I am, etc.,

T. ROBERTS

Hampstead

SPELLING OF FOREIGN PLACE-NAMES

SIR,—I do not think "Tournebroche" makes his point in his remarks on the spelling of foreign names. He objects to the spelling of names such as "Zinovieff" with two "f's" at the end. In the two cases he names one "f" would doubtless suffice, but what about such a name as "Chehov," which surely must be written as I have written it (in which case the last letter runs the risk of being pronounced like an English "v") or it must be written with two "f's," so as to assure that it shall be pronounced as a Russian would pronounce it. I fear a single "f" at the end would be at least as disastrous to pronunciation as has been the use of "w" instead of "v" in "Tchajkowski." Let us at any rate spell foreign names in a manner which will convey to the man in the street some idea of their real pronunciation. It is all the more important for us to do this when we have the phonetic experts of the British Broadcasting Company demanding that we should pronounce Rheims "Reams"—in memory of an attractive but long since defunct jackdaw—and Lyons as though we were referring to wild beasts at the Zoo. What, I wonder, would be the fate of one of these experts who requested a Paris taxi-driver to take him to the Gare de "Lie-ons"?

I am, etc.,

"X. Y. Z."

THE VALUE OF OLD MASTERS

SIR,—I agree in the main with "A Painter's" letter in your issue of last week, but it seems to me that he does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that Romney is a very inferior artist. This makes the price paid recently more tragically absurd and meaningless than ever.

Is "A Painter" quite fair on the critics? He has been careful to point out that there are various estimations of art apart from the critic's. May I point out that there are also various kinds of critic? The term is used too loosely. Some so-called are not critics at all but "experts." A picture for them is a problem in attribution. They are, no doubt, useful but certainly not æsthetically illuminating. Some are merely reporters who prefer gossip about painters to discussion of their works. These surely are the people referred to by "A Painter" as "first of all journalists and possibly Press agents." But some, I do humbly suggest, try to judge a work on its merits and how it appeals to them as a work of art, which is exactly what "A Painter" calls the artists' method. Indeed, many of these genuine critics are artists. Artists may or may not know something about art. As a rule they are ignorant and pig-headed about anything which is not in their own line. The ideal critic is eclectic, and therefore as a rule is not an ideal artist. Once a critic knows how to handle the various mediums of the art he criticizes sufficiently to recognize their peculiar merits and difficulties, it is better that he should content himself with training his receptive faculties and express himself, if he must do so, in another art.

A highly-developed creative instinct is fatal to a wide view of your own art. Sebastiano del Piombo or

Raphael is an illuminating example. What true artist really cares a straw about the work of anybody with whom he is not in æsthetic sympathy? Plenty of good artists do not really care twopence about anybody else's work at all, and I rather think they are right.

W.C.2

I am, etc.,
"CRITIC"

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

SIR,—It is to students and well-wishers of the Constitution gratifying to learn that some effort is being made to reform our Second Chamber, as we are told that within the lifetime of the present Parliament steps will be taken to constitute a House of Lords more in keeping with the age.

While we may be assured of the retention of those whose presence is the result of eminent services, a limitation on the creation of new peers with seats in the House might be necessary. Also, as many peers frequently are absent from their duties, whose only claim is hereditary, possibly the East may furnish the West with a solution. In China, titles do not descend, but according to merit one's ancestors are ennobled. In the elective element various phases of national life might be represented. The preservation possibly of the historic past inculcating a sense of duty in descendants may do good if some extinct peerages were revived. Considering that the debates are attended by comparatively a small section, without danger, a smaller House would equally be a safeguard for the Constitution.

The Unionist Party owes a debt of gratitude, and younger Conservatives will share this expression, to Earl Selborne for his constant efforts to focus attention on the points which exist if we shirk the issue. The day will come when inclusion of women on their merit will not be such a disaster as noble Lords imagine.

I am, etc.,
D. H. MACARTNEY

THE FASCIST EXPERIMENT

SIR,—Mr. W. S. Kennedy, in his letter published in your issue of August 7, contests the statement made in my book 'The Fascist Experiment' and confirmed by your correspondent, Signorina Danyell Tassinari, that the Fascist victims outnumbered the anti-Fascists. According to him, up to November, 1924, only 147 Fascists had been killed, a figure which he says was published in a Socialist official document and "has never been contested." Now I have before me a volume published officially by the Fascist Party, entitled, 'Fagine Eroiche della Rivoluzione Fascista—Raccolta degli Episodi più Drammatici di Cinque Anni di Battaglie Fasciste,' compiled by Manfredo De Simone (Milan, 1925); this work gives fully detailed accounts, in many cases illustrated by documents and photographs, of 416 cases of murders of Fascists and Nationalists by Socialists and Communists, all of them, with very few exceptions, prior to the march on Rome (October, 1922). They are, as the title of the book declares, only "the most dramatic episodes"; the total, even for the period in question, is far larger. In the subsequent period there has been a considerable number of murders of Fascists; I have not the complete figures by me except for those committed between the Matteotti murder and the end of the year 1925, which amount to sixty-five. Thus we have an authentic record of 481 cases. Against these Mr. Kennedy gives 161 Socialist and Communist victims (a figure quoted from a publication entitled, 'Fascismo—an Enquiry. Milan, Société de l'Avanti.' In what language is it written? The title appears to be in Italian, English and French), 150 from November, 1922, to November, 1923, and 16 from July 29 to September 28, 1924, or 327 recorded, plus "many more" from March to November, 1922, and others presumably between November, 1922, and July 29, 1924. Thus

we have 481 recorded Fascist victims against 327 anti-Fascists, and an undefined number on both sides of which authentic records are not now available.

I quite agree that "if these hideous outrages must be counted, let the count be correct." But will Mr. Kennedy be so kind as to make his own count correct too—unless he believes that "arithmetic is a matter of opinion"?

I am, etc.,
LUIGI VILLARI

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.1

MR. GLADSTONE

SIR,—Before Mr. MacCallum rushed into print to correct your quotation it might have been well had he taken the elementary precaution of verifying his references.

The term used by Disraeli was the one you quoted, "a sophisticated rhetorician" and not, as Mr. MacCallum says, "sophisticated"—a distinct shade of difference lies between the two adjectives of which Disraeli was fully aware.

But what possible difference there is between a "great Christian man" and a "great Christian" would puzzle the most meticulous of dialecticians to explain.

I am, etc.,
S. SALOMON

Temple, E.C.4

CRICKET ETIQUETTE

SIR,—As some misapprehension appears to exist on the subject, I shall be glad if you will allow me to point out that the antiquated idea that a batsman on being adjudged out by the umpire should quietly retire from the wicket is entirely exploded.

It is now generally recognized in the highest circles that the proper course for a batsman to pursue in these circumstances is to take his stand on a soap-box in the centre of the pitch and through a megaphone to harangue the mob on the iniquitous insolence of the umpire in giving his decision against the only truly great cricketer and sportsman whom the world has ever been privileged to know.

I am, etc.,
ARTHUR HARVEY

London, W.C.2

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—24

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best translation into English verse of the following poem by Ugo Foscolo:

IL SERTO

Cogliete, o pastorelli,
Cogliete vaghi fiori,
Chè deggio per gli albori
A Fille un serto far.
Farlo vorrei sol io,
Ma nol permette l'ora,
Chè in cielo già l'Aurora
Comincia rosseggiar.
E le dirò che il serto
Tessuto è di mia mano.
Ma che? così profano
Il lavoro mio sarà?
Mai menzogner non fui,
E s'anche il fossi, ah! Fille
Fra mille fiori e mille
I miei distinguerà.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best version of the following poem by Robert Burns, changed into the form of a personal reminiscence by George Moore, in prose:

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

RULES

The following rules must be observed by all competitors:

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week LITERARY 24A or LITERARY 24B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, August 23, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 22

SET BY MAURICE BARING

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of answers to the following examination paper on 'Cautionary Tales,' 'More Beasts for Worse Children' and 'The Modern Traveller,' by H. Belloc. The candidate need answer only eight questions:*

1. What do you know of Ponto, Cape de Verde, General Brue, Franklyn Hyde, Bizerta, the Fetish Tree, the Vulture, and Cain Bozz?
2. Comment briefly on the following:
"A Frenchman sitting next to us."
"I doubt if he is what we need."
"The next Prime Minister but three."
"The snake is living yet."
3. In what year did the fire at Matilda's house occur? What is the German theory and can it be disproved? In what part of London may we presume the house was located and what sort of lock was on the front door? How many firemen helped to extinguish the fire?
4. Contrast in your own words the character of Henry Sin and William Blood. What were Henry Sin's rank, service, uniform decorations, and medals? Where was he born?
5. Trace briefly Lord Alberfylde's career, pointing out what influence, if any, it had on the character of his daughter.
6. "And Billy Higgs would never do." Was the assertion in your opinion well-founded? If so, why?
7. What were Henry King's last words and how many doctors were called in to attend his case?
8. How many inmates were there in George's grandmother's house on the day of the explosion?

9. Write a short Essay (not more than 200 words) either on (a) The Llama and the Lhama, or (b) Franklyn Hyde.

10. Contrast the characters of Lord Alton and Charles Fortecuse. Which had the greater influence on the State?

11. What is the safest recreation for children who are not wearing

- (a) Fancy dress.
- (b) Uniform.
- (c) Evening clothes.
- (d) Any eccentric costume?

12. What decoration did Lord Lundy's grandmother wear and why is there some doubt as to the correctness of the author's surmise on the subject?

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best answer to Jack Point's unanswered riddle in 'The Yeomen of the Guard': Why is a cook's brain-pan like an overwound clock?*

We have received the following report from Mr. Maurice Baring, with which we concur, and we therefore have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. MAURICE BARING

22A. All the papers on Mr. Belloc's poems reveal conscientious research and painstaking effort. They would all have been creditable had the papers been Unseen. The candidates fell for the greater part into the fault either of slavishly following the text or of indulging in speculations which neither the text nor the illustrations warranted. W. A. C. wrote a good paper which was marred by the excessive length of the answers. Puffin's answers were in verse. Here is a stanza:

Thirteen people very shaken
Eight of them will never waken.
From the wreckage comes a cheer
For saintly George's thickened ear.

Unfortunately the shackles of rhymed verse made it difficult for Puffin to answer the questions correctly.

Mirt was the only candidate who took advantage of the possibilities offered by the subjects of Lord Alberfylde.

After careful consideration but with no hesitation the first prize is awarded to Paul, who answered many of the questions correctly and offered a convincing analysis of the German theory with regard to the date of the fire at Matilda's house.

The second prize is awarded to J. T. Hadwen. His paper showed an understanding of the spirit of the poems, but he lost marks through inaccuracy. Portia located Matilda's house as being in Oxford Circus, but houses in Oxford Circus would scarcely have a ball-room floor. The illustrations prove what many competitors noticed: that the door had not a Yale lock.

A. W. Cooke's paper narrowly escaped being bracketed equal with that of the winner of the second prize, but on a recount he obtained considerably fewer marks than Mr. Hadwen.

THE WINNING ENTRY

1. Ponto was the name of the lion at the Zoo who ate him because he let go of his nurse's hand.

The Modern Travellers caught a very curious bird with horns and hoofs North of Cape de Verde. Hildebrand's great grandfather was aide-de-camp to General Brue at Waterloo, Quatre Bras and Ligny.

Franklyn Hyde was punished by his uncle for carousing in the dirt.

Mr. Rooter moralizes on the shape of Africa from Bizerta (near Tunis) to the Cape and comments on the French fortifications at Bizerta.

The Fetish Tree was burned, no details given.

We learn from the vulture only to eat at dinner at his deplorable appearance and bad health are due to eating between his meals.

Cain Abolition Beecher Boz was Minister of the Interior and Lord Chief Justice of Liberia. He provided the travellers with

porters, guides and kit though not as they hoped gratis; he also advised them on the question of local labour.

2. The Frenchman who sat next to William Blood in the dining saloon rejected the asparagus with contempt. He was evidently particular about his food but we know nothing more of him except that he ate with his knife.

The Duchess of Athlone was probably related to the Hornes and did not wish to oppose Godolphin's appointment as a Page openly. She conveyed her meaning quite clearly to the Lord Chamberlain by saying "I doubt if he is what we need."

Lord Lundy's grandfather, the Duke, must have been the head of a Whig family as he was accustomed to arrange for the promotion of the members of his family within a given time and could foretell the Prime Ministers so far ahead.

"The Snake is living yet." These words are the Epitaph of the unfortunate aunt at Yucatan, who kept a python without the knowledge necessary for dealing with pets of this description.

There was a revival of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' in 1903 and Matilda's use of the telephone shows that the fire must have taken place in that year.

Professor Kettner, of Berlin, bases his theory that Matilda's aunt went to the play when it was first performed in 1893. On the lady's dress and coiffure which he considers would have been "nächst elegant" in the 'nineties. Aunts are frequently unfashionable in their hairdressing and we may assume that it would have taken quite ten years for an aunt to consider 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' an entertaining play; she would have been shocked at the idea of going to it in either 1893 or 1895 when it was revived. Professor Kettner has overlooked the important point of the telephone which was not in common use much before 1903.

The house was in Mayfair equally far from the fire stations at Putney, Hackney Downs and Bow, so they had to gallop roaring through the town. The lock was a lever lock.

There were no firemen at the real fire.

5. Bunyan McGalosh began life as a penniless boy in Glasgow. At the age of ten he entered a shipbuilding yard; by hard work he eventually became a shipping magnate and a Member of Parliament. He received his Peerage for his services to his party. His only child, Fifi, inherited his tenacity of character as well as his fortune and the combination made her an admirable wife to Charles Augustus Fortescue.

6. Billy Higgs's personal appearance would have made him ineligible as a Royal Page.

7. Henry King's last words were:

Oh, my Friends, be warned by me,
That Breakfast, Dinner, Lunch and Tea
Are all the Human Frame requires . . .

Six doctors were called in, the one who is taking the cheque for £100 from Henry's father is the third doctor in the group shown on preceding page.

8. Thirteen people were in the house on the day of the explosion; the butler cannot have been there or he would have been injured when the footmen were killed and he is depicted shouting at Mr. Champignon and his aides when they were deaf after the explosion.

9. It is terrible to think that Franklyn Hyde's whole life may have been affected by his uncle's brutality. In these enlightened days Franklyn would have been taken to a skilled psychoanalyst who would have considered his case carefully and discovered the reason for his love of playing with dirt.

The boy may have suffered from a fear complex due to a sub-conscious dread of having an inherited tendency to gout and rheumatism—his uncle was obviously a gouty subject. A prolonged course of mud baths would have dispelled this fear and inspired Franklyn with a dislike of "mud and ooze and slime" in any form. His longing to carouse in the dirt may have been the result of repression and having been forced to be clean against his will. In any case, his uncle's violence must have had a deplorable effect on Franklyn's character and he probably became a scavenger in later life so as to gratify his thwarted desires.

11. Children in ordinary dress may always play with sand.

12. Lord Lundy's grandmother is represented as wearing the Order of the Garter.

The author was not certain as to the name of the order and suggested the Garter; this cannot have been the case as the only lady members of the order in the last fifty years have been Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary.

PAUL

22B. Very few answers to this riddle were received. Gilbert is said to have promised to bequeath the true answer in his will to a friend. But I believe it is not known what his answer was.

The two best answers sent in were:

"Because it won't add a minute to the day,"

by B. R. Laird, and that of Sylvia M. Groves:

"One is found too woolly, and the other is wound too fully,"

and I would therefore recommend these two for first and second prize respectively.

REVIEWS

THE ROMANTIC IN POETRY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Romanticism. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Secker, 6s. net.

I WISH I had at hand some book of reference that I would tell me when the termination "-ism" (which sounds so much sillier as the German "-ismus") began to be commonly used in English. I take it, at a guess, to have been towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it certainly marked a stage in the history of the mind. It reveals a civilization grown self-conscious, a civilization taking stock of what it has already done, running over, as it were, its accounts to see what it has accumulated.

The problem of the romantic in poetry has received many solutions since a century or so ago, when it was merely a vague term of reproach or approbation. During those hundred years the word "romanticism" has come into being out of "romance" and "romantic," which means that the living thing is now fixed on the microscope-slide and is ready for observation.

Of all the living persons under whose observation it might have come, there are, if any, but few whom one could have preferred to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie.

Mr. Abercrombie, after what one can describe only as a robustious opening of his career as a poet, has settled down to be mainly a professor, not unprovided with, but not hampered by, learning, and generously endowed with a sense of the use of poetry and with a real desire to ascertain this and make it plain. Some elements of his beginnings cling to him. He is, perhaps, unnecessarily robust in his treatment of the English language as when he writes: "How often, for example, has romanticism declared for *sublimity*!—a word, no doubt, of somewhat dubious aspect, but, when the romantics are concerned with it, looking pretty steadily at the meaning, Burke turned it towards." I am, I own, no enemy of the practice of using prepositions to end one's sentences with; but there is a limit, and here Mr. Abercrombie seems to have grazed it, if not to have overpassed it by two or three millimetres. To this let me add, what must be supposed to be a relic of his early, athletic poetry, the habit of writing "attacht," "lookt" and the rest—forms which may be arguable but which no argument will ever make other than eccentric when they appear on a page endeavouring to make a simple appeal to our common sense.

These are points of relatively small importance. The word "romanticism" is with us and haunts us like a spirit, which we cannot keep in check except by reaching some understanding of it. That understanding must be partial. When Mr. Abercrombie has done with his argument, he has set down only a part of what the conception of romanticism means to him. He has fulfilled the function of a critic if the light he is able to throw focusses on a part of the vague field of apprehension which the sane conception means to us and illuminates some of its details.

His definition, hesitatingly arrived at, is simple enough. He attacks the old opposition between classicism and romanticism. The real opposition, he says, is between romanticism and realism: classicism is a frame of mind which admits both as elements:

It will have been noticed that, having asserted the danger and impropriety of setting up an antithesis between classicism and romanticism, I have nevertheless several times assumed the possibility of contrasting them. But this is not to imply antithesis—not, at least, the strict antithesis of mutually exclusive elements, such as may be found in the contrast between romanticism and realism. For, let me repeat, classicism and romanticism are not opposites: between the two there is no opposition at all, except such as may be foisted in by the passing and wholly unimportant eagerness of partisans. Classicism includes the element of romanticism. How can there be classicism without inner experience? And it may be as vivid and individual as you please, and yet not endanger the

existence of classicism. No romantic imagination is likely to adventure further than Dante's or Milton's; no romantic feeling is likely to have more force than Shakespeare's. It is when inner experience assumes the first importance, still more when it assumes the only importance, in the composite fact of life, that romanticism appears. Indeed, for a general proposition, romanticism can hardly be defined more precisely than a tendency to rely on inner experience.

This definition leads Mr. Abercrombie to reject Wordsworth as a predominantly romantic poet and to make an attempt to admit both Blake and Shelley, Blake because he explicitly regards the world of his inner experience as the sole reality and Shelley because out of his inner experience he evolves two worlds, a world which he believes to exist and which he hates and a world which he believes might exist.

The difficulty with such definitions of terms so nebulous is that there is no end to them. Mr. Abercrombie has with much show of reason cut Wordsworth out of the conventional definition of romanticism. I could as easily cut out either Shelley or Blake. I am tempted now to argue that romanticism is really an attempt to make an impossible compromise between the world of inner experience and the world of fact, an attempt certainly not made by Blake and certainly made by Shelley. This would carry it into the region of the day-dream which corresponds more closely to the ordinary vague understanding of romanticism than any other definition I am aware of. Let us take, for example, what are commonly referred to as the "prose romances" of William Morris. They are plainly the day-dreams of a superior, imaginative and constructive mind. The inferior mind, combining what is in general with what might be in particular, dreams of inheriting a fortune of a million pounds, wherewith to purchase country-houses, motor-cars and, perhaps, less innocent delights. Morris dreams of a childlike world untouched by the evils of civilization. Is not this romanticism? And, then, is not romanticism, on whatever level, a sort of sickness, no matter how splendid its products may be?

This angle of approach seems to me to be no more and no less possible than Mr. Abercrombie's. Neither can do more than open a way for a shifting and uncertain light illuminating some portion of an obscure surface. And there can be perhaps a hundred such lights, each with its own peculiar value, each making its own revelations. Certain it is that the whole field of human imagination cannot be surveyed with the help of the three terms, "classicism," "romanticism," and "realism."

It is equally certain that such attempts at a survey as that made here by Mr. Abercrombie do add to our understanding of works of imagination. His pages on the place of Empedocles in the history of thought and poetry are curious, unexpected, hard to follow, and exciting. He has some comments on Nietzsche, which deserve the closest attention and would not suffer, I think, from a much greater elaboration. Mr. Abercrombie has not constructed a definition of romanticism which we may safely use wherever the word occurs. He did not expect to do so. But he has played an interesting move in the great, endless game of trial and error which is called the criticism of literature.

1912

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré (1912). Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur Heinemann. 21s. net.

IN the French original these memoirs appeared under the title 'Au Service de la France,' which much more exactly expressed the content and intention of the book than does the conventional English title. The memoirs are neither more nor less than the defence of one of the ablest controversialists in Europe against the charge of having aided in fomenting the World-War, which has been brought against him by many German "innocentists" and, more notably,

by his fellow-countryman M. Fabre-Luce. Hence, in reading the book it must always be borne in mind that it is a *pièce justificative*, and as such to be read with caution though not necessarily with distrust. Few men are better able than is M. Poincaré to write the truth that is the exact truth in fact and appearance, yet that leaves unsaid much of vital import for a full understanding of the subject. To declare that these memoirs have a personal bias is to stress the obvious. What writer of memoirs has ever been able entirely to free himself from his own native and acquired prepossessions and prejudices? These things apart, however, the book constitutes the most important contribution to the history of pre-war Europe that has as yet come from the pen of a Frenchman. For the student of history it is of quite first-rate importance.

Relying not merely on his memory but also on the correspondence which, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, he carried on with the French representatives abroad, M. Poincaré writes in great detail the history of that crucial year 1912, in which Lord Haldane paid a memorable but fruitless visit to Berlin, and he himself a no less memorable and more productive visit to St. Petersburg. The Balkan War broke out, and with a view to hastening its settlement a Conference met in London under Sir Edward Grey's presidency. Throughout the year, as M. Poincaré truly observes, "the European sky continued to be clouded over with only very fitful intervals of rather pale sunshine." In this stormy political weather it fell to M. Poincaré's lot to assume the direction of the foreign policy of his country. The Caillaux Cabinet fell in November, 1911, and President Fallières summoned M. Poincaré to form a Ministry. This he was successful in doing, and took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs for himself. There may be two, or more, opinions as to whether the policy then pursued by Poincaré was the best policy for France and Europe; but there can be no question as to the single-minded and exceptionally able way in which it was pursued.



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The Franco-Russian alliance, which had become a little attenuated owing to certain misunderstandings, the responsibility for which must be laid at the intriguing Isvolsky's door, received a fresh accession of strength and cordiality through Poincaré's tactful handling of a delicate situation, and still more through the personal impression he made upon Sazonoff on the occasion of his visit to Russia in August. Nor was the effect of M. Poincaré's presence at the Quai d'Orsay less beneficial to the Franco-British entente. Grey had assured him that, with a view to the preservation of the entente, he "would keep in closest touch with the French Government." "He kept his word to the letter," M. Poincaré adds, "and for our part, from end to end of my Premiership everything we did was in concord with the British Cabinet."

Of German and Austrian policy in that eventful year M. Poincaré has much to say. It is said as might be expected from a man whose recollection goes back to the War of 1870, and who, as well as being a Frenchman, is by birth a Lorrainer. A just man, M. Poincaré; but with his sense of justice unsweetened by any strain of mercy; lacking, too, the saving grace of humour, though able at times to paint admirable little vignettes of the statesmen with whom he came in contact, as when he writes of Sazonoff "waiting for me in his room, armed with numerous *dossiers*; he had eyes slightly projecting, a long nose, a pointed profile, smiling lips, and very pleasant manner." Or, again, of that "man of conversation" (as he described himself), Aristide Briand with "his almost uncanny gift of penetration, his consummate tact, his quasi-feline charm which sometimes reminded me of my Siamese cat or of Anatole France's 'Sleeping Prince of the City of Books.'" The whirligig of time has once again brought Briand into close association with M. Poincaré as a member of his newly-formed Cabinet.

Prime Minister before the war; President of the Republic during the war; after the war Prime Minister again; and now once more Prime Minister, M. Poincaré has enjoyed a tenure of power vouchsafed to few men. This alone gives to anything he writes paramount interest and authority. It is questionable, however, if it renders him (as the Duke of Northumberland in an Introduction to this volume naively claims) "above and outside all sectional points of view."

MURDER AND MUSIC

Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa. By Cecil Gray and Philip Heseltine. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.

HERE is an example of Renaissance "energy," an orgy of blood-lust, comparable with those that enthralled Shelley and Stendhal, and the Elizabethans before them. Could such things be? Webster and Tourneur were astounded and fascinated. Horror haunted them like a nightmare: horror only to be rid away by the creation of stage monsters, of ferocious beasts safely to be seen behind the cage-bars of art. And, in the case of Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, we can still wonder how he approved himself a murderer and a musician, equally distinguished in either department. Anatole France, indeed, has sketched him for us in 'Le Puits de Sainte Claire,' furnishing a composite figure of the imagination, even as the Elizabethans fused various tales and instances to shape out a hero or heroine. Now, thanks to Mr. Cecil Gray, we have access to the manuscript chronicle and the depositions of the official inquiry. The chronicler, setting forth the tragedy and its antecedents, supplies dialogue exactly characteristic of the times. And the maid-servant and valet, in their plain and naïve accounts, grip us; leave us feverish and unnerved.

Perhaps Mr. Gray, commenting, fails to emphasize sufficiently the distinction between the Renaissance and its period of gradual decay. The crime took place in 1590, and in Naples. After 1530, Italy is other than it had been. The blighting hand of Spain is upon it. Don Carlo's action lacks the Renaissance virtuosity, the brilliant and economic adaptation of means to a desired end. The double murder is all too clumsy and ghastly. It is the Spanish point of honour that prompts, and not the Renaissance need of a *bella vendetta*. The popular sympathy is with the hapless lovers, not with the outraged husband. "Impious assassin" is the politest style used of Don Carlo. In Gesualdo, whither the Prince fled to commit still another crime of jealousy, you may examine the expiatory painting on the chapel wall, where repentance and continued vindictiveness are strangely blended. And Mr. Gray will not let us go till, like an Elizabethan, he has exhibited the manner of his reaction to this unhappy, far-off woe. In a special chapter, he is mindful of the prolonged irony achieved by De Quincey in 'Murder as a Fine Art.'

But what was the manner of Don Carlo's own reactions? To escape a "horde of demons" he had himself flagellated thrice a day. But flagellation cures costiveness, says Campanella the philosopher, citing the case. And, ere long, Don Carlo was mated again and of the Court of Ferrara, the very abode of music. Once more, music wholly preoccupies him. He is a figure of importance in the history of music. Nowadays we are for harking back to the music of the Elizabethans and their Italian contemporaries. In Don Carlo Gesualdo we can find polyphony and chromaticism, bold experiments in sound-for-sound's sake. "The vivid and passionate expression of a strange personality," says Mr. Philip Heseltine. Rehearsing the excerpts for oneself with an imaginary choir, one especially notes a certain stressed poignancy of dramatized emotion.

WITH THE GLOVES ON

Twenty-Five Years Behind the Stumps. By Herbert Strudwick. Hutchinson. 5s. net.

THOUGH much of this book is statistical, the engaging personality of "Struddy" comes popping through the figures in the same heartily mercurial way as the great little man pops up behind the stumps. The world of the professional cricketer is full of human kindness; there is hardly a player whom our author cannot describe as the best fellow in the world. Nearly everybody in flannels, it seems, has a heart as big as a football and wears it on his sleeve. Strudwick may recount a tale that smacks of the unsporting spirit, but no sooner is his story told than he whisks its subject to the heavens and leaves him enskied and ensainted with all the haloes and appurtenances of God's own gentleman. In the second "Test" of the last series in Australia the home-team managed to get four new balls while the Englishmen were scoring 130 runs, a proceeding described as "farcical." In the third "Test," when England wanted 27 to win, the Australian team left the field in a slight drizzle, although "we had fielded for an hour at Melbourne while it rained much harder than this, and the ball was like a piece of soap." "Half an hour," concludes Strudwick, "would have finished the match in our favour—probably less, with a damp ball." Now we turn over just one page. "I congratulate the Australian cricketers. They had played a great game and deserved their victory. I never once heard them grumble and they were the finest lot of sportsmen that I have ever played against; a nicer lot of fellows one could not hope to meet on or off the field." This may be described as writing with the gloves on.

A wicket-keeper has nothing but wounds to win from a bumping wicket, but Strudwick boldly advo-

catches less minute attention to the soil. His reasoning is sound. Perfect turf, on which the ball never rises above stump-high, immobilizes batting while it gives it security. Security infects the batsman's spirit; why take a risk when all is smooth? Strudwick would like to see more life in the wicket. "Then the batsman would be able to make a variety of shots, such as the late cut, the square cut, the pull shot, and the ball forced by the bowler when playing back—favourite shot with Victor Trumper and Len Braund." He also maintains that it is the lifeless wicket that has broken the heart and checked the supply of fast bowlers. "What encouragement," he asks, "does a bowler get on our super-perfect Oval wickets, and what chance has Surrey of winning the championship on the present system of scoring? It is a just question. Those mighty levellers, the groundsmen of to-day, may be indicted with slaughterous intent. Are they not killing cricket by their kindness? On the other hand the game can take a number of knocks. Such zest for the green field and such charity towards all as emerge in this book are hardy things.

THE OPEN ROAD

Golden Green. By Bart Kennedy. Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d. net.

AFTER reading the first chapter of 'Golden Green' the reader will probably form the conclusion that Mr. Bart Kennedy is an acquired taste. Should he persevere until the end of the second chapter he will be led on to the reflection that Mr. Bart Kennedy is a taste that is easily acquired. Once due allowance has been made for the author's rapid, breathless and verbless sentences, redundant adjectives and sometimes irritating repetitions, there is much in the book that is capable of conveying the purest pleasure. Mr. Kennedy, it must be admitted, "gets" his effects, and the somewhat unusual method by which these effects are secured need not therefore greatly disturb us.

'Golden Green' is a book of short essays, each dealing with some aspect of English country life. The writer is a hater of towns, a lover of the open air and the open road. Here we are introduced to a miscellaneous assortment of tramps, gipsies, hop-pickers, and bar-loafers, as well as to some of those nameless derelicts who drift—contentedly enough, for the most part—along the highways of the world. Mr. Kennedy knows and loves these people, and if he is apt at times to sentimentalize about them, at least he understands them. In the opening section of the volume he gives us an admirable picture of a Kentish inn, with a kind-hearted landlord who "stands" his customers a pint of beer when they cannot afford to buy one. Such men are veritably the salt of the earth.

Mr. Kennedy notes many facts that will be unfamiliar to the average town dweller. He tells us that one of the strangest times to hear the singing of the lark is in the midst of the deep darkness before the coming of dawn!—a statement that will command the heartiest assent from many of his readers. Elsewhere he issues a number of instructions for the guidance of walkers, and on this subject he is entitled to speak as one having authority:

People who are not used to walking invariably walk too fast. They go beyond their natural pace. They are in a hurry, and hurry is as bad for walking as anything else. To walk at your best you must walk at a pace that suggests to you no possibility of fatigue, or, indeed, of giving out.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Comedians. By Louis Couperus. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

The Spring Flight. By Lee J. Smits. Knopf. 7s. 6d. net.

The Naiad and the Faun. By Eric Shepherd. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d. net.

COUPERUS is one of the most distinguished novelists of modern times, and one of the most versatile. He wrote chronicles of neurotic, sensitive, inbred Dutch families; he described the effect of climate and black magic on settlers in the East Indies; and now in the posthumously translated 'Comedians' he has put the same gusto and freshness into reconstructing the city of Rome in the time of Domitian. The book has very little plot. The story, such as it is, moves, or one might say revolves, round the figures of Cecilius and Cecilianus, two charming twins who play women's parts in the comedies of Plautus and Terence. Rome is seen from the point of view of the green-room and the stage. The younger Pliny, urbane and gentle, entertains the boys at his magnificent villa; Martial writes epigrams about them; the gladiator Carpofores, "with the eyes of a gentle beast," selects Cecilianus for his mascot. They are a happy-go-lucky pair, devoted to each other, repeating each other's words, pert, playful and affectionate. Their mother Crispina, a lady of the court, may not recognize them because to do so would be to make public a former indiscretion; but at great cost she hires them from the master of the troupe and takes them to live with her. But though fraternal they are not filial; in their luxurious quarters they pine for their old Bohemian life. Then the blow falls. Cecilius is summoned to dance before the Emperor, and the twins are separated. On the whole Couperus has been sparing, perhaps too sparing, of general effects. Detail is piled upon detail, and menacing italics scattered over the page refer the conscientious to a glossary where they may learn that *carpentium* is a "little cart on wheels" and *heptaforum* a "carrying-chair carried by seven bearers (presumably by six, with a seventh who relieved one of the six every now and then)." Confronted by this austere antiquarian fare the reader may now and then sigh for Mrs. Mitchison's easier methods. Scratch the student of history and a Little Arthur is revealed, often close to the surface. But 'The Comedians,' with its extremely frank picture of Roman manners, is not in any sense food for babes. Domitian is indeed a kind of ogre, a dissolute human spider living in a hall of mirrors. We are told a lot about him, but we are hardly ever shown him, and yet the horror of his influence hangs heavy over the book. We shudder for Cecilius, as he is led away to dance before the Emperor in the corridor of mica. The scene is admirably described; the dancer, oppressed and enervated, seeking inspiration in his own reflexion; the favourites huddled at the back, and Domitian looking on, nursing his mania. Couperus is a writer of very wide sympathies; he has a zest for life, and his appetite feeds on much that would turn a queasier stomach. His attitude is Pagan and his people live like pagans, happy in the sunlight, familiar with the idea of death, yet oppressed always by a horror of the unknown, of something which is always demanding sacrifice but can never be propitiated. His account of the Megalesia is

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valuable not only for the accuracy and picturesqueness of its detail but for its realization of the religious conceptions that inspired the festival—the inward unrest that sought relief in self-maceration and the sight of blood. It was not merely Couperus's historical sense that gave him this insight into the spirit of pagan religious observances, for the sympathy is part of his mind and can be traced throughout his works. But he is perfectly fair to the Christians, and the encounter between Cecilianus and the Apostle St. John on his way to Patmos is the most moving and beautiful thing in the book.

'The Comedians' is not easy to read. It is fragmentary and kaleidoscopic. In dialogue no one ever finishes a sentence; and this trait, though it reproduces the tentativeness of ordinary conversation, makes the thread of the narrative hard to follow. But even for such as are not interested in Ancient Rome the book is well worth reading. Couperus had genius, and of this there are evidences in plenty, though sometimes, like valuable archaeological remains, they are to be found only after much delving in dull earth. And also, at a time when the attitude of most novelists to ethics is chaotic, it is refreshing to read an author who makes of human nature the least possible demands, who never blames and would rather condone than praise, and yet has drawn many kindly and lovable characters; characters so near the earth as scarcely to be moral, but nevertheless plainly subject to ethical laws.

'The Spring Flight' is a novel of a type which is fairly common on both sides the Atlantic: the story of a young man of sternly Puritan parentage, who early begins to chafe at moral leading-strings, bursts the Infant Bonds of Joy, deserts the Band of Hope, kicks over the traces and finally, like a windy night or a stormy sea, subsides into quiescence. 'Flight' suggests larks and soaring, and in so far as an inadequate description of Kenneth Farr's adolescent coilings and writhings. The characters are unattractive and the setting is dreary:

Ruth was tall and thin and had a trick of blinking and smiling faintly when another girl would have giggled . . . The income of her father, a retired clergyman, did not permit her to dress as well as some of the girls in Franklin High, and the boys did not seek her out, but more discriminating eyes would have seen in Ruth the promise of an unusual appeal.

It is a melancholy alternative, the choice between giggling and blinking, and one moreover which, in various guises, Mr. Lee J. Smits presents to his readers throughout the book. Of the higher forms of facial expression we see little. Kenneth was good-looking, athletic with a slight limp:

"Boy, you're handsome! No argument about that. Your hair alone will break their hearts." She ran her fingers through his curls: every woman did that.

But all the same Kenneth's lot was not a happy one. He tried many things, poetry, the stage, journalism, and all the stages of his career are exactly and minutely described. Yet his heart could not find a stable resting-place. Not that he was particular. "I'd marry a girl who had gone the limit just as willingly as I would a strict one, perhaps a little sooner." These were bold words, but it was a long time before he could bring himself to take a wife, strict or not strict. To Eanya, a Bohemian Jewess of Greenwich Village, he wistfully confesses:

I do not fit in with the crowd, unless there is much to drink. I do not dance. I am not a revolutionist. Yet I am in favour of this sort of thing—I have tried all my life to get away from respectability, and here are people who have gathered together with that idea, and they seem to have succeeded. There isn't an offensive amount of respectability in the Village, is there?

Kenneth gets back to respectability in the end, his mother approves of his wife, and the Spring Flight is over. From the realistic standpoint the book is exceedingly well done; it is never silly, and if one finds it dull it is because one does not like that kind of thing. Kenneth consumes vats of drink and drugs, but he is

not altogether a disagreeable fellow. What is wearisome about his history is the accumulation of squalid detail.

'The Naiad and the Faun' seems, by comparison, so frivolous it might have been written about life in another planet. A young man of ample means but weak constitution takes a large comfortable Georgian house in the neighbourhood of the Thames. He hopes to enter Oxford with the help of the good air and a tutor. He meets a young lady who has run away from a neighbouring seminary, the rules of which constrain her free spirit. Country houses, dances, charades, a vast amount of pleasant nonsense, bring this exceedingly lively and well-written, if sometimes facetious, fantasy to its close. Mr. Shepherd has an excellent ear for dialogue, though in the presentation of Lady Twysdale he sometimes allows this gift to run away with him.

SHORTER NOTICES


Law Courts, Lawyers and Litigants. By Frederick Payler. Methuen. 6s. net.

MR. PAYLER has evidently spent a good deal of time in the Royal Courts of Justice. He has also read a large collection of legal memoirs and reminiscences, from which he has selected good stories with excellent judgment. He has thus been able to compile a very entertaining description of the daily routine and humours of the Law Courts.

Heirs of the Incas. By Carrol K. Michener. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

THE author of this amusing book is an American, who decided to spend his honeymoon in the high Andes, and who brought back many interesting observations and memories. Comparatively few globe-trotters have made the journey up to La Paz, the highest capital city in the world, which stands over 12,000 feet above the sea, and it is not everyone who can tolerate the thin pure air at that altitude long enough to be able to understand the natives. Mr. Michener has much to say about the Spanish-Indian races, and his book is a valuable as well as entertaining addition to the literature of South American travel.

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THE AUGUST MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for August opens with a most valuable paper by Mr. John Drinkwater on 'Poetry and Some Critics,' in which he vindicates poetry as "the one art left that is continually sustained by an established and living tradition." The paper is full of good sayings and pregnant thought. Dr. Nairn summarizes Swinburne and Mr. Drinkwater's plays on Mary Stuart, and Miss Alford on 'English and Basque Folk Dances' insists on their fundamental similarity and their relationship to the old ritual dance of prehistoric peoples. Mr. Robert Machray gives a good account of Marshal Pilsudski's career and of the recent revolution in Poland. Mr. Malone describes the work of 'The Novelist of Sussex: Sheila Kaye-Smith.' Other good papers are 'Impressions of Cracow' and Mr. H. S. Salt on 'Our Vanishing Wild Flowers.'

The *London Mercury* calls attention to a movement in America for obtaining 'Trade Union Terms for Dramatists.' The poetry comprises verse by Mr. Coppard, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Freeman. 'A New Swinburne Letter' is unimportant, and Mr. Freeman's article on 'Charles Montague Doughty' praises him for his unimportant qualities as much as for his greatness. Mr. Egar has got hold of a treasure in a Maltese novel—if it has a real existence; Sir M. Amos calls attention to the Hickey Memoirs, and Mr. Collison-Morley describes the mad career of Da Ponte, Mozart's Librettist. The more striking 'Chronicles' deal with History, Biography, Literary History, Fiction and Book Production.

The *National Review* gives editorial remarks on the American debt, the Strike, Mr. Kipling and Literature, Cricket, and Robbing a Cricketer. There are good general articles on 'A Volunteer Signalman in the General Strike,' and as a counterpart, on 'Bygone Travelling.' Sir George Greenwood extends a welcoming hand to 'A Cambridge Scholar on Shakespeare,' and Mr. Bradley describes 'The South Wales Squires.' Mr. Bryden commemorates 'Fontenoy,' and Mr. A. C. G. Hastings tells of a case of 'Blackwater' and how it was dealt with.

The *Adelphi* opens with 'Thoughts on Pantheism' by the Editor, and a paper on 'The Mines and the People' by Mr. R. Dataller, written from the point of view of a miner. Mr. Henry King discusses the proof, in the alterations of the Prelude, of 'Wordsworth's Decline.' The Contributors' Club is good, and the Journeyman better, on 'Three Famous Men.'

Blackwood is as varied, and if possible a little more interesting than usual. The stories are excellent; the general sketches range from China and Hawaii to Spain and Mexico, and 'Musings without Method,' after a rather violent attack on the working man of to-day, atones by a vigorous defence and eulogy of Lord Elgin.

Cornhill finishes its serial; has a good elephant story—always an attraction; gives us an account of life in 'An Imperial School' in Germany and in Ireland of the Famine time; the story of the climbing of the Pillar rock, and a paper on 'Industrial Psychology: the Worker's View,' which we recommend to readers.

The *English Review*, among other good things, gives an account of 'The Clydesiders' in the House of Commons, discusses Mr. Shaw's understanding of Joan of Arc, has a long and readable paper on 'The Character of Talk' by Mr. J. B. Priestley, and a good lawn tennis article by Col. Marsh; none of them to be missed.

Chambers has a very good cricket story, Mr. Barry Pain on Cigarette-Cards, Prof. Peers on the teaching of Spanish, and several good tales, long or short.

The *Empire Review* opens with Sir John Simon's Three Speeches on the General Strike reviewed by "Judex." Other good papers treat on 'Staghunting on Exmoor,' 'Lawn Tennis,' 'Canadian Railways—Past and Present,' and the beginning of a story by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. The Medical Notes deal with Tobacco-Smoking.

The *World To-Day*, besides discussing the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties, has a first-rate paper on 'Shooting Rhinos with a Flashlight,' illustrated by a number of photographs, and a paper on 'The New Astrology,' which shows that if the planets do not govern separate events in individual lives, they have a very great influence on the corporate life of the earth. Other articles are equally important and well-illustrated.

Gerald Howe, a new London publisher, has just opened an office at 23 Soho Square, W.1. One of the first books which he will issue will be a work on San Bernardino of Siena, with illustrations by Mr. Robert Austin. Subsequent publications will include fiction, belles-lettres and general literature.



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A Psalm of Life.

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MOTORING

ALTERNATIVE FUELS

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

BRITISH motorists would do well to attend a demonstration of motor vehicles using national, that is French-produced, fuel in lieu of imported spirit, organized by the Technical Committee of the Automobile Club de France. It is to be held from September 4 to 15. The varying fluctuations of the franc as compared with the dollar have caused such a rise in the price of imported spirit that the club hope to encourage the use of home-produced substitutes. France is a great producer of charcoal, and charcoal gas has been used in French commercial motor vehicles for some years past. Semi-diesel engines using heavy oils have also been successful in a measure as power units for road transport vehicles. Further motor spirit produced in Alsace is on sale in that part of France; so with potential supplies of alcohol from their African colonies they have many alternatives for development to choose from. We in Great Britain occasionally broach the subject of alternative fuels to be produced at home, but seldom get any further than suggesting that the oil should be extracted from coal and used as fuel or that alcohol should be used in place of petroleum motor spirit. Power alcohol can now be made by the new Classen process at a cost that will give this spirit some chance of competing successfully with other motor fuels, according to Sir Charles Bedford, D.C.L., LL.D., D.Sc., in a communication recently made to the *Autocar*. From this it would appear that Sir Charles has overcome various difficulties in connexion with temperature pressure, simplification of plant and procedure, proportion of concentrated acid to raw materials and methods of using catalysts, firstly to accelerate greatly the process of conversion, and secondly to enhance yields of alcohol.

* * *

One wonders if he can overcome our department of Customs and Excise which, up to the present, has placed such onerous restrictions on power alcohol as almost to prohibit its use on a commercial basis. If one may express a modest opinion on alternative fuels for motor carriages, few of us will ever substitute another fuel for such a clean medium as petroleum spirit for our own private use. For vehicles that have to earn their own upkeep and profits for their masters cheap fuel is an attractive proposition. Already for the past two years experiments have been in active progress for using paraffin oil in place of spirit, with considerable success. Some of the tractors drawing vans and lorries through our streets are now using paraffin, so that already a less costly fuel is obtainable without difficulty. It is wise, of course, to have some alternative in case an outbreak of war should interrupt supplies of fuel from abroad, and so the use of home-produced motor fuel is becoming a more interesting topic each year, as all nations are using a greater quantity of imported fuel as time proceeds. America is the world's chief source of supply, though England does get a proportion of her motor fuel from Persia, but the main point to be considered is that it has all to be seaborne. Motorists should therefore be supporters of strong naval power for their own country in order that no interruption of supplies can be effected; unless the country has natural resources of fuel that can be utilized as a substitute. Temperance reformers might suggest that our distillers would be better employed making motor fuel than alcoholic drinks, but unless some radical changes are made in Government restrictions in regard to industrial and power alcohol, we shall not alter our present fuel from petroleum in one or other of its forms.

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which sets up higher standards of efficiency and gives greater value than ever...

WE are now able to announce the introduction of an attractive new Sunbeam car — a 25 h.p. six-cylinder model.

This model, with an engine of unusual power, splendid acceleration and wonderful flexibility, sets up an entirely new standard of efficiency in high-grade cars.

One of the most attractive features of this new 25 h.p. model is the price. Never before has a car of such quality and performance been offered at so reasonable a figure. The chassis price is £795; and the five-seater open touring car, completely equipped for the road, is but £950.

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Chassis Price ...	£795
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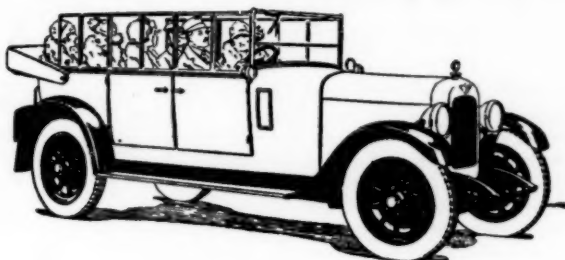
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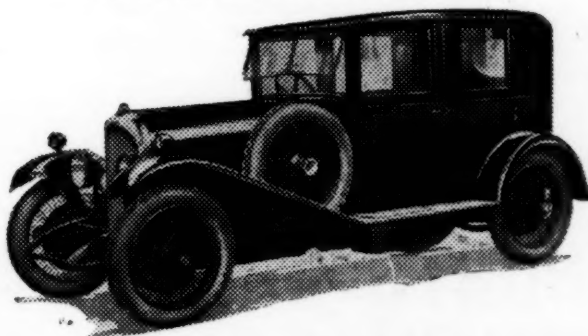
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

SEEING that we have now entered upon what are known as the "dog days," the showing made by stock markets as a whole is far from unsatisfactory. The prolongation of the coal strike is necessarily taking its toll of the industrial and home railway markets, and the trend of the Continental exchanges is not without adverse influence on international securities. These apart, however, the tone is good with a tendency towards expansion in the volume of business passing. The most pronounced feature is the growth of public interest in the more speculative sections of the House. South African gold mining shares are a prominent example, Cape support being responsible for an almost general upward movement with Sub Nigels, a conspicuously strong spot. There has been rather less activity in some of the Rhodesian land shares and prices of the leaders have come back to some extent, though there are evidences of support of an influential nature at the lower levels. I think we shall see this market once more getting into its stride at no great distance of time. Elsewhere a feature is the growing activity in tin shares consequent upon the persistent rise in the price of the metal which at the moment of writing is within a pound or so of £300 per ton. The statistical position of the metal indicates that a further advance is probable, the end-July visible supplies being 13,525 tons as compared with 15,525 at the end of June. Production is necessarily being stimulated by the high figure now commanded, but on the other hand there is a steady increase in consumption, and in the opinion of those best qualified to judge there is little immediate prospect of a material set-back. Indeed, in some quarters a further and appreciable advance is predicted. On the whole, the outlook for holders of shares in first-class tin-winning companies is distinctly encouraging.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED

The Ashanti Goldfields Mine is situated in West Africa and since its incorporation in 1897 has paid dividends amounting to £2,290,980. The financial year ends on September 30, and the report is issued at the end of March. The authorized and issued capital is £250,000 in 1,250,000 4s. shares. At September 30, 1925, the ore reserves amounted to 362,600 tons, with an assay value of nearly 20 dwt. to a ton. With extraction at 90% (about 93% is now being maintained) the value of the ore reserves with gold at its present price is approximately £1,387,000. Taking costs at 52s. a ton, winning the gold would cost about £943,000, so that the net profit in sight is £444,000, equivalent to 7s. 6d. a share. Development at depth had been suspended for some years, until the end of last year, when the main shaft was sunk to the twentieth and twenty-first levels. The twentieth level has been opened up for about 300 feet in length and shows values ranging from 17 to 24 dwt. a ton over a width of thirty feet or more. The twenty-first level was intersected last month, and the first assays show 20.7 dwt. over thirty-one feet.

It will be seen therefore that by this development the present ore reserves will be very largely supplemented. Last year the net profit was £121,600 and dividends of 1s. 6d. a share were paid but 2s. might easily be paid for 1925-26. The interim dividend, declared last month, is 20%. For the first nine months of the year to September 30 the net profits, after allowing for depreciation and development expenses, exceed £100,000, thus earning at the rate of over 50% on the capital. At their present price of 14s. 6d. the yield would be (if 2s. were paid) 14% on the money. Now that developments at depth are so satisfactory and the ore reserves will be placed in a safe position, the Directors could turn their attention to increasing the monthly output. At present 8,500 tons are being crushed a month, but it would seem not unreasonable to assume that this tonnage will now be increased gradually to 10,000 tons. On this basis crushing ore assaying 20 dwt. a ton, with extraction of 93% and costs at 52s. a ton, the monthly profit would yield about £15,350 or nearly £185,000 a year. This shows an earning capacity of just under 3s. a share (or over 20% at the present price of 14s. 6d.). Costs, it must be noted, are taken at 52s. a ton and it is anticipated that various economies will reduce this figure to well below 50s., and on the above basis of output every 1s. fall in costs will increase the annual profit by £6,000. In addition encouraging experiments are being made with a new process of roasting the ore by a pulverized coal plant. If this method is proved in practice, the benefits may well be far-reaching in their efforts of reducing expenses still further.

RAHMAN HYDRAULIC TIN, LIMITED

Tin shares continue to advance on the strong position of the Metal reflecting increasing demand on a limited supply. In view of the persistent buying from the East, and a careful study of the position of the Company, attention is drawn to the dollar shares of the Rahman Hydraulic Tin, Limited. There are 2,000,000 dollar shares issued. The Straits dollar is equal to 2s. 4d. This Company owns six blocks of tin-mining properties, comprising 1,325 acres, in the Perak district, Federated Malay States. With the present plant costs average £65 per ton of concentrates, containing 60% of metal, which implies that with Standard Tin above £110 the Company is in a position to earn profits. A new Hydro-Electric System is being installed which, according to calculations based on a report by the Company's consulting engineers, will raise output of Tin concentrates to at least 1,400 tons per annum.

Making no allowance for the anticipated substantial saving in working costs under the new system, profits may be estimated as follows:

Standard Tin at	£180	£200	£220	£250	£280
Per cent. on Capital	26	33	38	51	64

The whole of the new plant is expected to be in operation by November, during which month the report and accounts for the year ending June 30, 1926, should be presented. The Tin contents of the vast area of 1,325 acres are virtually intact, the reserves being ample to provide for an output of 1,400 tons for very many years. Present price about 6s. 6d.

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 $1\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 230

(Twelfth of the 16th Quarter)

TWO POTENT FLUIDS, "WATERS" CALLED "OF LIFE";
WELL, IF THEY NEVER LED TO DEATH OR STRIFE!

1. What is he up to? Why, he's up to that!
2. His favourite mammal is no doubt the bat.
3. Let no dog bark ere I have said my say.
4. Nor rose without it, neither any may.
5. Our second pillar! What a lucky chance!
6. Take it, and bang! you're in a sort of trance.
7. Of pouched Australian beast we need two-thirds.
8. Feeling of fear and dread too great for words.
9. Never to action do I men impel.
10. He knows the mysteries of heaven and hell?
11. Thus fruit is often served, and likewise grain.
12. Of graceful climbing-plant two-thirds retain.

Solution of Acrostic No. 228

S	atra	P	1	"Distinguished for the graces of her
A	spasi	A	1	mind and person. . . . Beauty and
V	nyage	R		wisdom, with nobility of soul, character-
O	ctandri	A	2	ized the great Ionian." (Prof.
N	umismati	C		Nichol).
A	ppl	E	2	"The eighth class in the Linnæan system,
R	ing-ouze	L		comprehending those plants which
O	dorou	S		have hermaphrodite flowers with eight
L	isnet	U		stamens."
A	canthu	S	3	Callimachus is said to have taken the idea
				of the Corinthian capital from an
				acanthus surrounding a basket.

ACROSTIC No. 228.—The winner is Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Aland House, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who has selected as her prize 'The Farrington Diary, Vol. VI,' published by Hutchinson and reviewed in our columns on July 31, under the title 'Gossip of 1810.' Eighteen other competitors chose this book, twenty-seven named 'Sappho,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Carlton.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, Barberry, E. Barrett, Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Mrs. Robert Brown, C. H. Burton, Ceyx, Eyelet, Cyril F. Ford, Lt.-Col. Sir Wolseley Haig, Jeff, George W. Miller, I. C. Morgan-Brown, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Peter, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stanfield, Still Waters, St. Ives, Trike, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ruth Mary Alloebrook, Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. R. Carrick, Chailey, V. H. Coleman, Coque, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Crucible, Doric, M. East, East Sheen, E. K. P., Estela, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Lilian, H. de R. Morgan, F. M. Petty, Plumbago, Quis, Rho Kappa, Mrs. Gordon Touche, Tyro, Yewden. All others more.

For Light 4 Ophelia cannot be accepted. The "operative word" is flower.

ACROSTIC No. 227.—Correct: Beechworth, Dodeka.

J. R. CRIPPS.—As one competitor pointed out, Tantrums are "more universal" than Tax-collectors and Telephone-calls, while Twins and Triplets are comparatively rare.

Waverley
mixture
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blend
of
rare
tobaccos
1/- oz.

WA 250

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But there's nothing sentimental about the "Valet" Brush. It is literally hard-hearted. Its bush of strong bristle is clenched in a rubber core that no amount of boiling water will loosen, and the handle is unbreakable.



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